SAUL BELLOW & CHICAGO by Mark Krupnick Joseph Komonchak on CARDINAL AVERY DULLES

COMMONWEAL

A Review of Religion, Politics, and Culture

February 23, 2001

Confession

Why Don't Catholics Go?

St. Charles Seminary Library
Carthagena, Ohio

James O'Toole

Daria Donnelly

Madeline Marget

Peter Steinfels

2. In Confession, we tell our sins to the priest as clearly as possible. We speak in a low voice, and avoid any waste of time in random talk. We must tell all mortal sins; we may also mention whatever venial sins we wish to state.

$2.50 US
($3.50 CAN)

**********3-DIGIT 458
007997200 12/28/01
ST CHARLES LIBRARY
ST CHARLES SEMINARY
2860 US ROUTE 127 S 289
CARTHAGENA OH 45822-9599

a good ... ourselves for a good confession ... time not only to examine our ... in our ... for ... are ... ing. ... it after the examination of conscience, be ... fore going into the confessional. The priest ... cannot pardon us if we are not repentant.

An act of contrition made *any time during the day* on which we go to confession is sufficient. We should *renew* the act of contrition at the moment ... absolution after

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the Editors

Looking good

As a design person I want to extend belated congratulations to you for the attractive and distinctive covers you have produced in recent months. My favorite journal of opinion has gone through many stages in my years as a subscriber and sometime contributer, pretty bland when I started back in the early '60s, but now—WOW!

Keep up the good work. The content has always been excellent, but now you have covers that rival those of the big-budget guys on the magazine racks! RUSSELL W. GIBBONS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Where there's smoke...

Your editorial on teenage sexual behavior ("Abstinence, Anyone?" January 26, 2001) treats constant sexual activity as something that's invariably necessary to normal human functioning.

There's another model, however, one well understood in days when clerical celibacy was more universally honored and when, indeed, many lay persons of both sexes chose to remain unmarried. Today, such a model sounds weird, or impossible, or out of touch with the TV-engineered collective consciousness we call "reality." But we should give it a try.

Most of my friends used to smoke constantly and enthusiastically. Then came a change in national consciousness. All have now given up smoking, though if you'd asked them thirty years ago, most would have said they considered it a necessity of life.

I know the objections to the analogy: Sex is an instinctual drive, while smoking is not....Yet the crucial thing is that when it comes to smoking, there has been a remarkable alteration of social attitude. Today, smoking is a choice that is made, if at all, only after long and mature consideration of its possible consequences. This is the perspective, it seems to me, that needs to be brought back into discussions of sexuality. It's a consumerist ideology in which sexual activity seems as "necessary" to existence as eating or breathing.

For the record, Luke Timothy Johnson's article ("A Disembodied 'Theology of the Body,'" same issue) seemed to me an almost pure expression of the "ideology of sex," which has brainwashed most Americans. In terms of my analogy, it makes the pope into something like a nonsmoker in a room filled with people who are happily lighting up. It's all right if the man doesn't want to smoke, but why does he keep bothering us about it? WILLIAM C. DOWLING
Princeton, N.J.

Untrue & unjust

I wasn't in the audience at the Interfaith Center of New York, but a tape of the discussion of *Constantine's Sword* was broadcast on C-Span 2, making clear how badly Paul Baumann mischaracterizes the event in his column ("Catholicism & Anti-Semitism," Feruary 9, 2001).

Baumann calls the discussion "a smug, liberal caterwauling." Untrue and unjust.

He accuses James Carroll of writing "too often" in "upscale magazines and newspapers like the *New Yorker*," playing "to the worst suspicions of those who are either wholly ignorant of Catholicism or passionately disaffected from the church." Untrue and unjust.

Mary Gordon was shaking with nerves and speaking in a low hesitant voice, but Baumann claims she "goaded" the audience into "an orgy of anti-Catholic speechifying."

Baumann misquotes Mary Gordon and distorts her comments throughout the article. His rage at her is without "any sense of proportion," and he owes her an apology.

Baumann derides and attempts to discredit efforts to understand the church's long and shameful history of anti-Semitism. His article will surely earn him invitations to more congenial discussions, that is, if Mother Angelica reads *Commonweal*. G. H. WEIL
Chesterfield, Mo.

The author replies:

G.H. Weil makes serious accusations but presents no evidence to support them. It is possible that I misheard a word or two of Mary Gordon's talk, but I have no doubt that I accurately conveyed the substance and tenor of her remarks. Whatever Weil saw on TV, the audience in the room responded to Gordon's attack on the pope with questions steeped in anti-Catholic stereotypes. As for Carroll's appearance in upscale publications, does Weil think the *New Yorker* would have published Carroll's essay "The Silence" (April 7, 1997) if it had praised John Paul II's steps toward Catholic-Jewish reconciliation? I have no interest in discrediting efforts to expose the church's history of anti-Semitism. But what is shameful about that history surely does not include John Paul II's recent apology to the Jews and his visit to Israel. Finally, does Weil mean to suggest that the only choice Catholics now have is between Mary Gordon and Mother Angelica?
PAUL BAUMANN

Mary Gordon's ax

Regarding Mother Church and Holy Father, we could, just for the fun of it, summarize Paul Baumann's report on Mary Gordon:

Mary Gordon took an ax
And gave her mother forty whacks.
When she saw what she had done
She gave her father forty-one.

HENRY FEHREN
New York, N.Y.

Carroll's eye-opener

If James Carroll is "behind the curve" of Catholic revisionism *vis-à-vis* the

(Continued on page 4)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUNDED 1924

COMMONWEAL

February 23, 2001 / Volume CXXVIII, Number 4

UPFRONT

Correspondence *Abstinence & annoyance* 2

Editorial *Church, state & money* 5

Et cetera *Mad banana disease* 6

Farewell *Abigail Q. McCarthy, 1915–2001*
Margaret O'Brien Steinfels 6

COLUMNIST

The end of NATO
William Pfaff
Fissures in an alliance 8

SHORT TAKE

All dressed in scarlet
Joseph A. Komonchak
Avery Dulles: Model theologian 9

ARTICLES

EMPTY CONFESSIONALS
James O'Toole
A look back and ahead for the sacrament of reconciliation 10

Daria Donnelly *Do I know this guy?* 13
Madeline Marget *Not yet in line* 13
Peter Steinfels *Examination of conscience* 14

AT BAYONET POINT
Mary Carita Pendergast
Facing down the Communists in China 15

Unpleasant surprises in store

VERDICTS

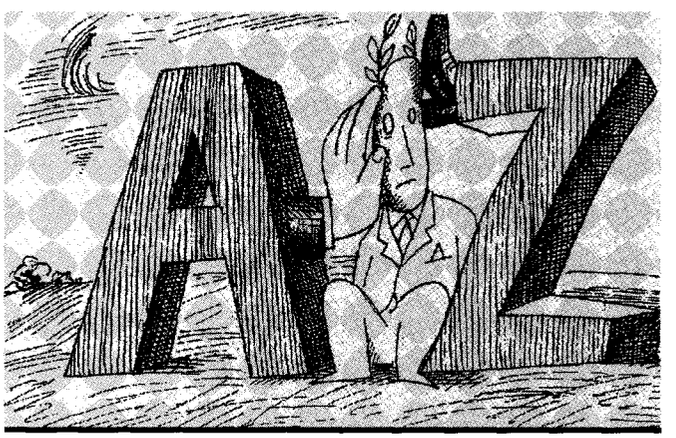
MUSIC

Saving the sacred past
Benjamin Ivry
And surviving twentieth-century German history 17

BOOKS

Bellow
by James Atlas
Mark Krupnick 18

Milosz's ABCs
by Czeslaw Milosz
Harold Isbell 20



What Government Can Do
by Benjamin I. Page & James R. Simmons
W. Shepherdson Abell 22

POETRY

flay
Peter Layton 20

Commonweal Associates
More than a thousand points of light 25

THE LAST WORD

Marchers in an ashen parade
David Loxterkamp 31

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 2)

Jews, as Robert Wilken claims in his review of *Constantine's Sword* (January 26, 2001), then Wilken is too far ahead of that curve. Carroll has written a remarkable work; for many intelligent Catholics it is a needed eye-opener. *Commonweal* does these intelligent Catholics no service to warn them away from Carroll's book on the grounds that John Paul II has already done so much to lay aside "the theological idea that Christianity has replaced Judaism."

Perhaps the pope has taken some giant steps to help us extirpate our almost inborn anti-Semitism, but most Catholics haven't thought as seriously about this question as Carroll has. I suspect that many of us still think Jews need converting, and that, until they are baptized, there is something wrong with them. Carroll's book should help us rid ourselves of that notion. We will be more likely to keep ridding ourselves of wrong notions like this if scholars are encouraged to undertake "fundamental changes in the way history has been written, theology has been taught, and Scripture has been interpreted." In fact, this is the main point of Carroll's book.

Wilken seems to fear this kind of revisionist approach because he fears the consequences. He asks, simplistically, "If Christians, on the basis of the Scriptures and Christian tradition, cannot confess Jesus as Lord, can the Jews, on the basis of the Scriptures and Jewish tradition, claim that they are the elect people of God?" This is a strange stance for a historian, since the writing of history (when it is done well) almost always helps us revise old misunderstandings. Am I too much of a romantic to prefer that scholars plunge into their investigations to learn the truth, rather than worry about the possible, very remote consequences of what they might discover?

Good scholarship will not stop us from confessing Jesus as Lord, any more than it will prevent Jews from thinking of themselves as God's chosen people. Maybe the question is this: How do Christians and Jews understand their uniqueness in the world and what kind of people can we become if we understand that uniqueness in a way that does not denigrate others? ROBERT BLAIR KAISER

Rome, Italy

Theological candor

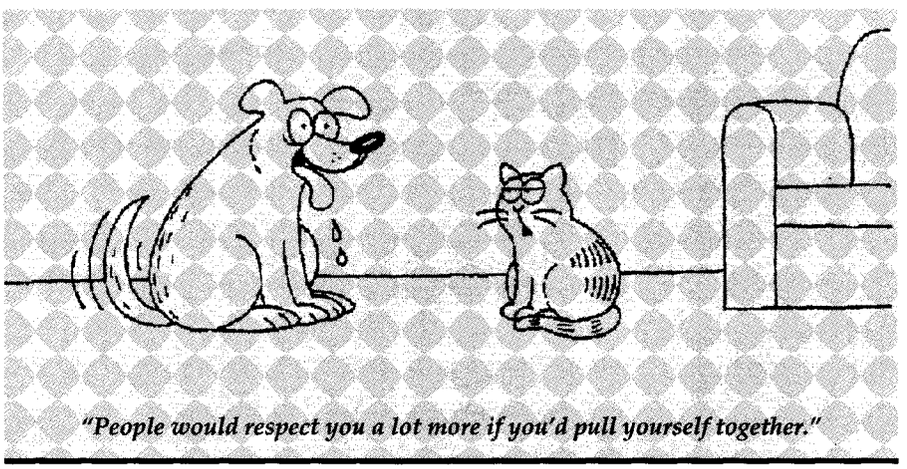
Regarding Luke Timothy Johnson's essay on John Paul II's theology of the body (January 26, 2001), a comment, and a question.

The comment: It's about time. It had to be said. Amen.

The question: Would any theologian subject to a *mandatum* have been willing to risk such a critique?

EDMUND F. KAL

Fresno, Calif.



"People would respect you a lot more if you'd pull yourself together."

Papal anthropology

Luke Timothy Johnson's commentary "A Disembodied 'Theology of the Body'" is an insightful and common-sense analysis of what many consider serious deficiencies in Pope John Paul II's "theology of the body." At the heart of the question is theological anthropology.

Papal teaching says that "human love and sexuality can appear in only one approved form, with every other way of being either sexual or loving left out altogether." While the pope speaks eloquently about persons, dignity, and responsibility rather than immutable natural law, the basis of this Thomistic personalism is a neo-Thomistic natural-law approach couched in more contemporary categories. For the pope, the basis of sexual morality and the "one approved form" of expressing one's sexuality is heterosexual, procreative, and under one's rational control as much as possible. Any distortion of this form is judged a result of Original Sin, evidenced by concupiscence affecting human sexual desire and labeled "disorder."

Thomas Aquinas took his anthropological perspective from Aristotle as the best scientific and philosophical reading of human nature available at that time. But both insisted that any interpretation of human nature must take experience into account. Could it not be that faithfulness to Aquinas requires us to consider that if human nature has a history, then new data and experience about human sexuality must be taken into account when we propose approved forms? And would this lead us to further consider that perhaps the evolution of human nature has resulted in more than one form of being either sexual or loving? The questions are at least worth exploring.

(REV.) ROBERT NUGENT, S.D.S.

Baltimore, Md.

(Continued on page 23)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STAFF

Editor: **Margaret O'Brien Steinfels**
Executive Editor: **Paul Baumann**
Managing Editor: **Patrick Jordan**
Associate Editor: **Daria Donnelly**
Production Editor: **Tiina Aleman**
Senior Writer: **Robert G. Hoyt**
Editorial Assistant: **Grant Gallicho**
Copy Editor: **Susanne Washburn**
Business Manager: **Paul Q. Kane**
Poetry: **Rosemary Deen**
Screen: **Rand Richards Cooper**
Stage/Media: **Celia Wren**
Culture: **Richard Alleva**
Columnists: **Paul Baumann, Sidney Callahan, E.J. Dionne Jr., John Garvey, Jo McGowan, William Pfaff**
Circulation Manager: **Sandra Smith**
Administrative Assistant: **Quanda Williams**
Advertising Manager: **Roth Advertising**

Commonweal, [ISSN 0010-3330] A Review of Public Affairs, Religion, Literature, and the Arts, is published biweekly except Christmas/New Year's; and monthly July and August, by Commonweal Foundation, 475 Riverside Drive, Rm. 405, New York, NY 10115. Telephone: (212) 662-4200. E-mail: commonweal@msn.com. Web: http://www.commonwealmagazine.org. Toll-free: 888-495-6755. Fax: (212) 662-4183. Display advertising correspondence should be sent to Roth Advertising, Inc., 2 Park Avenue, Manhasset, NY 11030 (516) 627-9292, classified advertising correspondence to 475 Riverside Dr. POSTMASTER: send address changes to Commonweal, 475 Riverside Dr., Room 405, New York, NY 10115.

Commonweal is indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, Catholic Periodical Index, Index of American Periodical Verse, Book Review Digest, and Book Review Index. Microfilm from Vol. 1, 1924, to current issues available through University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and on Microfiche from Bell & Howell, Wooster, OH 44691. *Commonweal* articles are also available at many libraries and research facilities on CD-ROM and in electronic data bases. Serials Data program No.: ISSN 0010-3330. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional offices. Copyright © 2001 Commonweal Foundation. Single Copy, $2.50. Yearly subscriptions, U.S., $44; Canada, $49; foreign, $54. Special two-year rate: U.S. $75; Canada, $81; foreign, $87. Annual rates for air-mail delivery outside U.S.: Western Hemisphere, $84; Europe, $89; other parts of the world, $99. All Canadian and foreign subscriptions must be paid in U.S. dollars by International Money Order or by check on a U.S. bank.

Illustrations: Cover design: Christopher Young; cover art: from *My Catholic Faith*; pp. 3, 15, courtesy Sisters of Charity of Saint Elizabeth; pp. 3, 17, Valerry; p. 4, Ray, Rothco; p. 6, Baloo, Rothco; p. 7, courtesy Mrs. McCarthy; p. 9, courtesy Fordham University; p. 10, Ross, Rothco; p. 18, Jeff Lowenthal; p. 22, Schwadron; p. 31, Charlot; columnist portraits, Elaine Mills.

http://www.commonwealmagazine.org

Church, state & money

In signing two executive orders designed to lower the barriers between religious institutions and the government funding of social services, President George W. Bush has set off a broad, and sometimes heated, debate about the proper relationship between church and state. Good. Both religiously motivated people and determined secularists need to think hard about what is at stake in direct government support for the undeniable good done by religious groups for millions of needy and often forgotten Americans.

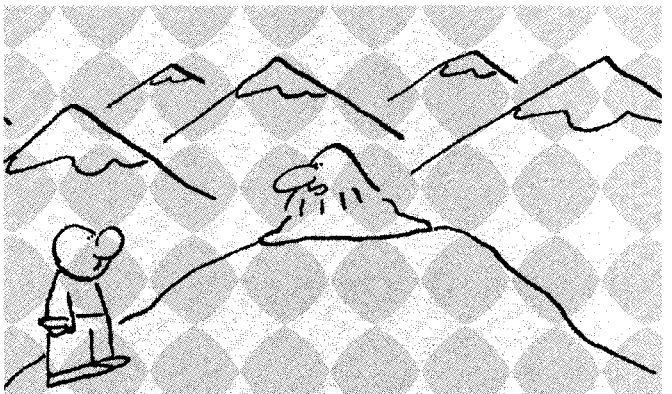
Initial response has been predictable enough. Groups like Americans United for Separation of Church and State are in full cry, warning of the imminent destruction of the supposedly sacrosanct "wall of separation" between religion and government. But no such wall exists, either constitutionally or historically, nor should it. A healthy politics must be informed by morality, and for the vast majority of Americans morality is inseparable from religion. Americans have always brought religious values into the public square, sometimes to great benefit (the civil rights movement) and sometimes for ill (Prohibition). What the Constitution does require is that government not favor one religion over another or religion generally over nonreligion. By the same token, however, the allocation of state funding need not favor secular over religious groups. Bush's creation of a White House Office of Faith-Based and Community Initiatives, at least in outline, purports to adhere strictly to these vital distinctions. "We will not fund the religious activities of any group, but when people of faith provide social services, we will not discriminate against them," Bush said. "We will help all in their work to change hearts while keeping a commitment to pluralism."

The devil, of course, is in the details. Although motivated by a largely unexamined antipathy toward "public" religion, the critics of Bush's initiative raise important concerns. Can the proselytizing ethos of some religious groups easily be separated from the touted efficacy of their programs? In deciding who gets money, will government also be deciding what is or isn't a legitimate religion? Do we really want taxpayer money going to someone like David Koresh? Or to the Church of Scientology, with its reputation for psychological manipulation and secrecy? Or to the Nation of Islam, whose leaders are known for their anti-Semitic diatribes?

Government money also brings with it miles of red tape and restrictive regulations. Will religious groups squander their already meager resources on administrative duties? Opportunities for graft and corruption will multiply as well, temptations to which religious people are no more immune than anyone else.

Defenders of the Bush plan respond that funding will go only for social-service programs, such as soup kitchens, shelters, or drug-treatment programs, not to religious activities or evangelization. Moreover, potential clients will be guaranteed a choice between faith-based and secular service programs. John J. DiIulio Jr., a respected social scientist, has been named head of the new White House initiative. DiIulio argues that "empirical methods" will be used to judge the relative merits of different service programs. "We will work with what is effective," he says. In other words, if the Church of Scientology runs a drug rehabilitation pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm just a secular humanist who likes to be left alone."

gram that works and does not discriminate against non-Scientologists, it should be as eligible for government funding as any other religious or secular group.

Of course, government moneys have been flowing to religious hospitals and religious colleges and universities for decades. For the most part, that collaboration between church and state has worked well for both religious groups and the commonweal. Still, as the ongoing debate about the Catholic identity of hospitals and universities suggests, the acceptance of government money entails a significant accommodation to the larger culture. Here, perhaps even more than in the problem of bureaucratic red tape, is where the real danger lies. Yes, constitutional protection of individual rights is high in the United States, and Brigham Young University or Notre Dame is still free to be as Mormon or as Catholic as it wishes. But even when the impact of the modern state is largely benign, it wields enormous power. In times of conflict, that power can turn repressive. Independent religious institutions represent an indispensable source of countervailing moral authority and social and political resistance to the state. Think of how important religious opposition was to slavery, segregation, the war in Vietnam, and now to the practice of abortion and euthanasia. Would that opposition have been as forthright and effective if churches depended on a government check for crucial aspects of their ministries?

In accepting money from Washington, religious groups will inevitably sacrifice a degree of independence. In some cases, the advantages of such funding will far outweigh the dangers. But in others, churches, synagogues, etc. will want to forgo entanglement with the state. A robust pluralism, in this area as in others, is the best guarantor of liberty.

ET CETERA

Mad banana disease ■ In *Commonweal*'s editorial, "Taxing Rhetoric" (February 9), we suggested that the new Bush administration think twice before drastically cutting taxes. Apparently they are not listening to our ideas about what needs doing by the government.

Maintaining "a secure food supply," we suggested, was one area in need of more money. What we had in mind was preventing "mad cow" disease in the United States (the American Cattlemen's Association agrees with us) and monitoring genetically altered plants as they enter the nation's food supply. But as far as food dangers go, those turn out to be high-end, hypothetical problems. At the low end, things are real and far worse than even we imagined.

Jane Brody, the *New York Times*'s health writer, set us straight with a series of articles on the danger that globalization, food variety, and increased fruit and vegetable consumption are bringing to our digestive systems (January 30 and February 6). Chicken, lettuce, bananas—you name it—can be dangerous to your health. Salmonella, once a major cause of food poisoning, is now a minor culprit compared with a dozen newly identified pathogens, some of them fatal to infants, the elderly, and those with weakened immune systems. Over the past decade, the Food and Drug Administration has warned that systems to ensure the safety of imported foods are inadequate to the volume, and that domestic food products aren't always properly inspected.

In light of this onslaught, Brody (lovingly referred to as Calamity Jane by her faithful readers) goes into great detail about precautions needed in the kitchen, including washing your hands at least as often as Lady Macbeth; segregating meat, raw and cooked, with Jim Crow stringency; and washing, washing, washing—even items already "triple washed," by the producer. Brody even advises washing bananas: "The skin could be contaminated and when the fruit is cut, food-poisoning organisms could spread to the flesh"—even if we peel instead of cut them. So Mr. Bush, more banana inspectors, please.

ABIGAIL McCARTHY, 1915-2001

Abigail Quigley McCarthy died on February 1 at her home in Washington, D.C. She was eighty-five. Mrs. McCarthy wrote a column in these pages from 1974 to 1999. She had been scheduled to offer a comment on James O'Toole's "Empty Confessionals" in this issue. May she rest in peace.

Cocktail hour at Abigail McCarthy's Connecticut Avenue apartment was quite a treat, not because of the liquid refreshment, but because of the hostess herself. She believed in conversation, she practiced it, and anyone who happened by was immediately drawn in. It was during the first Bush administration (probably 1990), when I first walked into her apartment building and along the broad, carpeted hall leading to her door (the hall would have done Windsor Castle proud). I found Mrs. McCarthy and her friend newspaperwoman Mary McGrory in a discussion about that wonderful woman, Mrs. Bush—that is, Mrs. Prescott Bush, George H. W.'s mother, George W.'s grandmother, and wife of Senator Prescott Bush.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The hour's conversation ranged over a number of political persons and topics, culminating in the statement, "Peggy, never trust a man." This was offered neither in anger nor protest. After the extended political analysis, it was simply the logical conclusion of the discussion.

Through our intermittent encounters and phone calls, I came to admire McCarthy's sense of form and propriety leavened with a sharp wit. These might be considered the qualities of a well-brought-up, old-fashioned lady, except that the propriety included a spirit of unflappability that marked her as a public woman. We served together on an advisory committee to the president of Saint Catherine's College in Saint Paul, Minnesota (of which McCarthy was an alumna and a great supporter). During one visit, we were ushered into a theology class peopled by young women decked out in black punk garb set off by neon hair, nose rings, and the inevitable surfeit of earrings. Impeccably dressed and coifed, McCarthy sailed right into the classroom and started a conversation that revealed what she surely knew, that beneath the *de rigueur* punk fashion, these were Minnesota farm girls.

The importance of Catholic women's colleges was one of the recurrent themes in McCarthy's *Commonweal* columns. She praised their past achievements in providing Catholic women, like herself, solid and serious education, and applauded their current spirit of adaptation, focusing on educating women of all ages and races who might otherwise be left out. She argued that women's colleges gave special opportunities, lacking in coed settings, for women's leadership. As a teacher, mother, and wife of U.S. Senator and 1968 presidential candidate Eugene McCarthy (D-Minn.), she had many opportunities to put her own education and leadership to work. Perhaps most dramatically she did so after she and her husband separated in 1969, and she made a life of her own as writer, columnist, and public leader.

In her 1972 memoir, *Private Faces/Public Places* (Doubleday), she tells the story of the extended Quigley-McCarthy courtship in Mandan, North Dakota; a happy marriage in Saint Paul, Minnesota; and their partnership in Washington, D.C., at the center of the nation's political life. When Senator Eugene McCarthy took up the dark-horse challenge of the 1968 Democratic presidential nomination in the midst of the protests over Vietnam, she met the challenge with him. When it became clear that, instead of her husband, Vice President Hubert Humphrey would gain the nomination, McCarthy writes, "I began to live out the role for which I had been preparing the last month. This was what I had been trained to do, not only by the demands of political life but by my heritage—from those daughters of the pioneers, my grandmother, my aunts, my mother—to face disaster with as much dignity as possible, to affirm whatever was positive." There is in that sentence and many others in the book, the straightforward and poignant memories of a woman who knew herself and where she came from.

She completes her memoir with this reflection: "Despite the fact that the campaign brought almost unbearable emotional strain and disaster to our family, I cannot wish that the campaign did not happen. Through it I crossed the barrier into the world of my children and of all the young people to whom this world really belongs. I see the world now as they see it. I feel a sense of surprise that it is so easy to lay aside what once were rocklike basic assumptions as I look at injustice in the fierce light of their outrage. But I do not wish to have crossed this barrier having brought nothing from the other side, as have so many older people in a kind of headlong rush to join the young. What I would like to bring with me is a sense of the past, its continuity in the present, and a sense of identity stemming from the past which enables each one of us to withstand the assault of change." And so she went on for the next three decades.

She was an independent thinker. Efforts to open the public world to women were both the story of her life and the achievement of her life. The traditional women's organizations drew her support, as did those founded for newer purposes. She wrote in *Commonweal* of Emily's List, established to finance women's campaigns for national office. Her column (August 15, 1997) discusses the group's decision to support only prochoice women for office. What she declined to mention was her own role in the early days of Emily's List and her withdrawal when it became clear that no prolife women candidates would be funded. McCarthy's willingness to withdraw for a principled reason and her refusal to make an issue of it is typical of the sharp and disciplined intelligence she brought to matters both political and religious. At the 1987 Synod on the Laity, Archbishop Rembert Weakland requested that women be allowed to serve in nonordained ministries. McCarthy found this "not awfully bold at the end of the twentieth century, but heartening." When the request was denied by the Vatican because of its potentially deleterious effects on other cultures, McCarthy reflected: "Never mind that it is pretty hard to think of a late-twentieth-century culture (outside of the ayatollah's) where representatives of the majority of the baptized serving in the sanctuary or pulpit would be too unsettling" (December 4, 1987).

The tone of regret and restraint expressed in both her political and religious commentary are fast disappearing from world and church. In that sense, Abigail McCarthy was perhaps old-fashioned—a Catholic from the Midwest, she is among a dwindling breed of women who knew and embraced their faith, respected church authority, and spoke their minds, nonetheless. That form of Catholic practice is diminished by her passing. MARGARET O'BRIEN STEINFELS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLIAM PFAFF

THE END OF NATO

Where U.S. & European interests diverge

The debates which dominated the annual Munich Conference on International Security earlier this month—over U.S. national missile defense (now renamed "global'" missile defense) and the planned European rapid-reaction force—continue to suffer from lack of candor.

Few in the U.S. scientific community, or even the strategic community, really expect the missile project to produce a defensive shield that countermeasures could not defeat or imaginative delivery methods evade. The unavowed, even unacknowledged, purpose of the project is to justify a vast research program whose results, currently unforeseeable, might prove interesting and important. It would, at the same time, keep the military aerospace industry at work, an essential element in a national industrial policy of maintaining technological leadership.

Formulating the research project as a program to give the country protection from missiles makes the expenditure politically and psychologically irresistible to a majority of voters. Who wouldn't prefer to be tucked away from possible enemies behind an invulnerable shield? Abroad, one might argue that if U.S. taxpayers want to spend their tax money on research for technologically improbable weapons—in the guise of defending against equally extravagant scenarios of threat from unimportant states with ramshackle economies and negligible technological capacities—why should anyone else care?

Obviously, they do care abroad, and with some reason, since the U.S. initiative undermines the major-power strategic stability that existing arms-control agreements have provided since the end of the cold war. The rational response of Russia and China would be to reinforce their own offensive nuclear missile systems, whose deterrent plausibility is, in theory, threatened by the American program.

A similar unwillingness, or inhibition, prevents the Europeans from being candid about the motives behind their planned rapid-reaction force. Criticized by Washington, they currently minimize the significance of their decision to establish such a force. Javier Solana, the European Union's official responsible for foreign and security policy, said in Munich that the Europeans have done nothing other than "replace the initials WEU"—those of the long-moribund pre-NATO European security organization—"with EU," for European Union. Joschka Fischer, Germany's foreign minister, insisted that "NATO remains the first choice" for Europe. Britain's defense minister Geoffrey Hoon assured the Americans present in Munich that the new force would have "neither planning structures nor separate command."

If all of this were true, the Europeans should spare themselves the bother of setting up the force. A *Le Monde* commentator said that the Europeans at Munich, facing the Americans, were behaving as if they were children caught in mischief. The French defense minister was the only one to say frankly that the European Union, "which is not a state, but is more than a group of separate states," wants to possess the means to play a larger political role internationally, and wants the instruments to manage crises, when necessary, on its own.

The U.S. government does not want the Europeans to manage crises on their own. This is not a simple expression of that instinct of self-protection or self-aggrandizement that every bureaucratic body possesses. It reflects the fact that without NATO, the United States would have no institutional base in Europe, and no rationale for claiming a role in European affairs. Hence Washington is led to oppose any attempt by the Europeans to create a military instrument that would reduce the importance of NATO, replace some of its functions, and offer the possibility, at some future date, of making NATO unnecessary.

The principal argument made by Donald Rumsfeld and the other Americans who oppose the European force is that it would weaken NATO. The threat they make is that this European initiative might provoke the United States to leave NATO. Yet this outcome is precisely the one Washington most wants to avoid. Washington needs NATO more than Europe does, and Europeans fail to understand this.

The Europeans have many good reasons for wanting to see NATO continue. It has become the principal vehicle of transatlantic political, as well as strategic, relations and cooperation. It has been part of the institutional landscape for more than fifty years. It is security against an imaginable revival of a Russian threat, even though few in Europe expect that (and its strategic rationale for Russia is hard to imagine). But in the final analysis, Western Europe, with a bigger industrial economy and a larger population than the United States, could, if it had to, get along without NATO.

Moreover, the fact that the EU has decided to build a rapid-reaction force reveals that Europeans understand this, and know that someday, sooner or later, they will have to get along without NATO. There is, in Europe today, a perception of gradual strategic disconnection from the United States. It is due in part to commercial rivalries. In part, it follows from the self-absorption of Washington today, and the unilateralism of such American decisions as national missile defense. But it is mainly recognition of a fundamental fact: Europe and the United States are different societies, with different histories, and facing different futures. □

© 2001, Los Angeles Times Syndicate International

commonwealmagazine.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

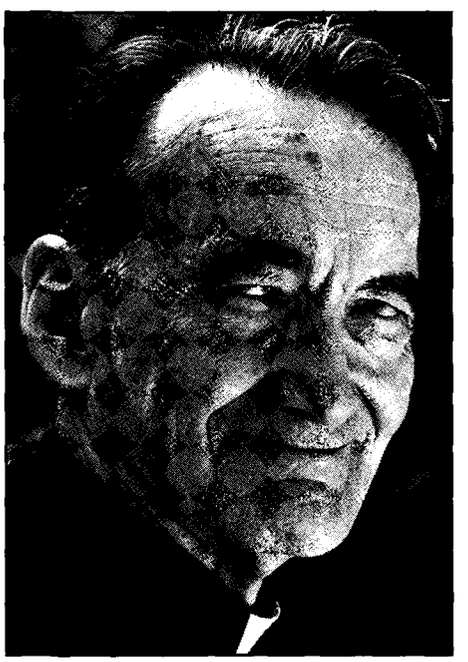
Joseph A. Komonchak

ALL DRESSED IN SCARLET

Avery Dulles goes to college

About a decade ago colleagues and former students of Avery Dulles published a volume in tribute to him on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. The book's title, *Faithful Witness*, both defined what the chief task of theology is and expressed our gratitude for Father Dulles's example in fulfilling it. And now we have papal confirmation of our high regard for him.

Pope John Paul II has followed the example of Pope Paul VI and honored the work of a few theologians by naming them to the College of Cardinals. To the names of Congar, Daniélou, de Lubac, Grillmeier, Pavan, and von Balthasar can now be added that of Avery Dulles, S.J., the first U.S. theologian to be so honored. Friends, colleagues, and admirers are delighted, and among their not entirely negligible joys they await the day when they can see him in procession among his fellow cardinals, most of whom are plumper, dressed in "cardinalatial" finery, settling the question of what Abraham Lincoln would have looked like in scarlet.



Cardinal Avery Dulles

The pope's action crowns Dulles's long life as a theologian in the service of the church. His work has been marked largely by a commitment to conversation, which, of course, involves listening as much as it does speaking. And he has been a good listener, first, in the sense that he has attended to the voices of the past in large works on the history of theology, to separated Christians in several ecumenical dialogues, and to fellow Catholics in analyses of postconciliar church life and theology. Sympathetic listening was also one of the rules which Dulles learned from Saint Ignatius Loyola at the beginning of the *Spiritual Exercises*: "Let it be presupposed that every good Christian is more ready to save his neighbor's proposition than to condemn it." This assumption is the opposite of the *odium theologicum* that too often poisons the atmosphere of the church.

Dulles even made the Ignatian rule the basis of a method he made popular in Catholic theology: an analysis of diversity through "models," conceptual frameworks, often image-based, which orient and articulate a certain understanding of a reality or doctrine of the faith. Lying behind more particular differences of opinion in the church often are differences at these prior levels; and an exploration of the more basic differences can encourage modesty and promote mutual understanding and communication, at least if proponents of any one model recognize that no single approach can exhaust the mysteries of the faith. Then none of the models is dismissed out of hand, each having its strengths; and none becomes all-determining, each having its weaknesses. Dulles has excelled at this type of analysis, and he has refrained from constructing any grand theological synthesis of his own, maybe out of modesty, maybe especially out of his great respect for the divine transcendence.

The most famous of his books is *Models of the Church* (1974), in which he described five theoretical approaches to the church: as institution, communion, sacrament, herald, and servant. His own sympathies at the time seemed to be with the sacrament model. But in the early 1980s he offered a sixth model, the church as a community of disciples, which he thought retained the strengths of the other models and was especially appropriate in the circumstances of the church's life as a cognitive minority in the contemporary world. The analogy was with the community of disciples stumbling after Jesus during his ministry, and the focus fell on the distinctiveness of the faith required and the countercultural challenge it represented.

Dulles says he borrowed the new image from Pope John Paul II's first encyclical, and for the last twenty years he has been a firm and articulate defender of the present pope's teachings and pastoral undertakings. Whereas he once was criticized as a relativist by the Right, now some people speak of a conservative shift in his theology; but anyone acquainted with his thought over the years has to admit that respect for the tradition and for the church's doctrinal integrity is nothing new in him. It was sometimes said of him, decades ago, that he tended to be conservative when among liberals and liberal when among conservatives. This was always, I think, more than simple impish desire to prevent anyone from becoming too comfortable in his stance. If today he seems often to find it more urgent to be conservative, that is probably in part because he thinks it is a certain liberal paradigm that most needs to be challenged, at least in theological circles. His own example may lead us to question the adequacies of these categories altogether, since they are often used as an excuse not to follow Saint Ignatius's rule, which, it turns out, is not as easy to follow as it may seem. □

The Reverend Joseph A. Komonchak, *a priest of the Archdiocese of New York, holds the John C. and Gertrude P. Hubbard Chair in Religious Studies at The Catholic University of America.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EMPTY CONFESSIONALS

Where have all the sinners gone?

James O'Toole

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. It has been two weeks since my last confession, and these are my sins." Many American Catholics over forty can recall some of their most intense religious experiences beginning with those words, experiences that sometimes seemed equal parts terror and relief. Today, those cadences are generally unfamiliar to Catholics under forty and virtually unknown to those under thirty. Yet for generations the formula opened that distinctively Catholic practice: confession.

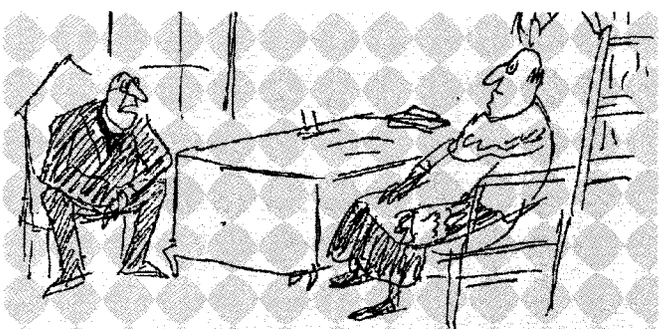
The sacrament of penance was once so commonplace that few Catholics took much notice of it. Young and old alike, parishioners trooped to their local church to confess, usually on a Friday or Saturday. After silently reviewing their lives since they had been there last, each entered the darkened confessional box and waited until the priest opened the slide between them. In a whispered voice, the penitent first recited the familiar phrases and then proceeded to list offenses against God and neighbor, itemizing particular actions and the number of times each occurred. The priest might ask a question or two, and generally he gave some words of encouragement or chastisement. Then, he assigned a penance to be performed, normally in the form of a few short prayers, and, as the penitent repeated the Act of Contrition, the priest said the prayer of absolution in Latin. The whole thing didn't take very long, but believers were sure that something profound had happened.

This deceptively simple ritual was deeply ingrained in American Catholic practice and worldview. Sin was a fact of life, and even a very ordinary person had many opportunities, perhaps dozens of them, every day to commit sins that demanded sacramental forgiveness. Parishioners didn't particularly like going to confession—it was hard, said no less an authority than Dorothy Day, since you had to "rack your brain for even the beginnings of sins" and then confront them honestly. But Catholics did it anyway and often felt better afterward precisely because it had been difficult. Moreover, it was something they did which their non-Catholic neighbors did not, and thus it served as an identifiable badge of religious identity. But then, with a startling suddenness, the practice of confession simply collapsed, leaving for many Catholics a gap that has not been entirely filled. The beginning of Lent may be a good time to explore the role confession played, and later ceased to play, for American Catholics.

Snapshots of the history of confession, culled from the diaries of priests and dry parish statistical reports, suggest its enduring power. Bound by the seal of the confessional, which forbade ever disclosing what they had heard there, priests nonetheless commented on the sacrament in general terms.

Consider the experience of a Boston curate, just after the Civil War. Called in to help at a neighboring parish, he sat in the confessional box one day from 2:00 in the afternoon until 6:00 that night, listening to a steady stream of sinners; though he returned home at that point, he told his diary that several other "Rev. gentlemen continued till 11 P.M. at the confessional." Some decades later, another Boston priest kept count of the penitents in his parish, inhabited by equal numbers of Irish and German immigrants. One Saturday in February 1899, he heard 137 confessions, and they seemed to come in waves: "solid" between 3:00 and 5:00 in the afternoon, he said; "straggling" between 5:00 and 6:00; and steady again between 7:30 and 9:30. A priest in New York City at the same time kept a running "score" (his word), which one year ran to more than nine thousand individual confessions, a mere percentage of the nearly seventy-eight thousand for the parish as a whole. On a day when this priest heard "only eighty-eight," he thought the pace "slack"; another time, he considered seventy-one penitents at a sitting to be "few."

The high volume of confessions continued into the twentieth century, as recourse to the sacrament at least once a month became the norm; many people went more often than that. In Milwaukee, for instance, near the end of World War II, the priests at one church reported that nearly 60 percent



"I don't know. The wages of sin just aren't what they used to be."

James O'Toole *teaches history at Boston College.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the parishioners went to confession monthly and that almost 15 percent went every week.

Far from the Eastern and Midwestern cities that were centers of American Catholicism, confession was no less essential to lay Catholic practice. Probably typical was the experience in the 1950s of the people of the Cathedral of the Madeleine in Salt Lake City, not generally thought of as a Catholic stronghold. The parish had a population of about thirty-two hundred, of whom twenty-five hundred were identified as "practical Catholics." In 1952, the two priests there heard 9,431 confessions, an average of about 182 per week; by way of comparison, they performed only twenty-six marriages that year and 140 baptisms. Up to the 1960s, the sacramental ministry of parish priests was exercised first and foremost in the rite of penance; more than at the altar rail, priests and people encountered one another in the confessional.

Shortly after midcentury, however, the number of Catholics going to confession regularly—or indeed at all—plummeted. Though Vatican II had said almost nothing about the sacrament, a sharp decline in practice was apparent almost immediately afterward: "People are staying away from confession in droves," a columnist for the Passionists' *Sign* magazine wrote in 1968, and he was right. The National Opinion Research Center conducted extensive surveys of Catholics in 1965 and again in 1975, and the change was easy to see. In that interval, the number of Catholics who reported going to confession monthly dropped from 38 percent to 17 percent, while the number of those who said that they never or almost never went rose from 18 percent to 38 percent. The 1973 introduction of the so-called New Rite, which provided for face-to-face "reconciliation," for an expanded use of communal penance services, and (in some circumstances) general absolution, had little effect in reversing the decline. By 1977, another survey found that 65 percent of America's priests reported hearing fewer than twenty confessions per week, a far cry from the hundred or more of earlier days.

A University of Notre Dame study in the mid-1980s found these trends firmly in place even among "core Catholics," defined as those who were most active in their parishes. Among that group, more than 26 percent said they never went to confession at all, while 35 percent said they went once a year. Parish after parish cut back the hours when priests were available for hearing confessions—five hours every Saturday had been the norm at the beginning of the century; thirty minutes was the norm by the end of it—and sacramental penance seemed almost to disappear. "Saturday afternoons and evenings are very quiet in most of the parishes I am familiar with," one priest concluded.

Such a dramatic change in so short a time requires explanation. Surely significant were the accumulated dissatisfaction with confession among the laity, dissatisfaction which, in the post-Vatican II era, they felt newly permitted to act upon. For every lay person who appreciated what one called "that bit of fear that keeps you on your toes," there

The University of Dayton
announces the presentation of the
2001 Marianist Award
to
Mary Ann Glendon
a Catholic scholar who has made an outstanding contribution to the intellectual life

Previous recipients of the Marianist Award

John Tracy Ellis, 1986
Rosemary Haughton, 1987
Timothy O'Meara, 1988
Walter J. Ong, S.J., 1989
Sidney Callahan, 1990
John T. Noonan Jr., 1991
Louis Dupré, 1992
Monika K. Hellwig, 1993
Philip Gleason, 1994
J. Bryan Hehir, 1995
Charles Taylor, 1996
Gustavo Gutièrrez, 1997
Rev. David Tracy, 1998
Jill Ker Conway, 1999
Marcia L. Colish, 2000

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were many others who recoiled from even the anonymous shame of the confessional. The speed with which the sacrament was conducted also rankled. All the statistical data I have seen, supported by anecdotal evidence, shows that the average confession took two minutes or less. Speed could be a blessing, of course: under normal circumstances, it was all over quickly, like an uneventful trip to the dentist. By the middle 1960s, though, lay and religious writers alike were evoking unflattering images—"slot machine," "assembly line"—to characterize the way confession was practiced in most American parishes. Those who longed for more personal spiritual advice and direction had to seek it elsewhere.

Liturgical changes likewise undercut the traditional practice of confession, albeit unintentionally. Even so mundane a matter as parish scheduling helped accelerate the decline. The authorization in 1969 of Saturday evening Mass, anticipating Sunday, transformed the usual time for confession into a time for fulfilling the Sunday Mass obligation. More important, the use of the vernacular in the liturgy, especially in the penitential rite at the beginning of the Mass, had a profound, perhaps unconscious, impact. Suddenly, Catholics heard themselves making a general but public acknowledgement of their sinfulness every week; wasn't that enough? They also heard the priest invoking God's forgiveness, again publicly; wasn't that sufficient?

The shifting relationship between confession and Communion also took its toll. In the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, regular reception of the Eucharist by the laity was rare. Beyond that, until the 1950s most Catholics presumed that each Communion had to be preceded by confession a day or two before. Many parishes reinforced this link by specifying successive weekends of the month for the Saturday confessions and Sunday Communions of designated groups: the men's Holy Name Society, the women's Sodality, and so on. It was even possible to go to confession while Mass was being said—a practice that seems distinctly odd now, except in some downtown parishes—if one wanted to take the sacrament at that Mass. In the aftermath of Vatican II, as priests encouraged more frequent Communion, the two sacraments were effectively decoupled. In 1954, the question column of a national Catholic magazine had said that it was theoretically possible for a parishioner to receive the Eucharist every week without having gone to confession; "however, we do not recommend that practice." By 1969, the priest-editor wrote that it was not only "permissible" to go to Communion without a proximate confession, but "it is and *should be* [emphasis added] the most usual and normal procedure."

By far the most significant factor in the decline of confession was a changing understanding of the nature of sin. Confession had always rested on a clear distinction between mortal and venial sins. Strictly speaking, only the former, those actions that completely severed the believer's relationship with God, were "necessary matter" for confession. But the number of mortal sins seemed to keep expanding—many pamphlet-size examinations of conscience, for example, tried to specify the precise amount of "servile work" on Sunday that crossed the line from venial to mortal—and there was also regular encouragement to confess venial sins as well. Regardless of their type, sins were specific, easily recognizable and describable actions. Popular devotional literature published handy lists of them: one, produced as late as 1960, conveniently printed mortal sins in capital letters.

In the aftermath of Vatican II, a broader understanding took hold, together with an appreciation that sin might be collective as well as personal: racism, militarism, and environmental depredation were no less sinful (and maybe even more so) than eating meat on Friday or committing various transgressions against the Sixth Commandment. Such an outlook was a positive development, but the loss of clarity had a price. "Why do we say that some actions are 'wrong' while others are 'right'?" one priest asked the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review* in 1970. It is practically inconceivable that an American Catholic priest a hundred years earlier—or even twenty years earlier—would have been troubled by doubts of that kind. The priest wasn't alone. "People have lost a clear-cut notion of what sin is," *Commonweal* observed in 1974, "and this new sense of the ambiguity of evil does not fit the popular understanding of confession." The shift also clouded the personal dimension of sin, which was the one best suited for discussion in the confessional. It was difficult for the ordinary American Catholic to feel direct responsibility for larger institutional and societal sins. How exactly did one go about confessing to imperialism or environmental damage? What might a priest's absolution mean in such circumstances? And what about the firm purpose of amendment always understood as necessary for forgiveness? It might indeed be useful to think of sin as "hanging like a smog" around all human actions, as one theologian put it in 1968, but how could individual penitents take their own proper share of the blame for smog?

The long lines at the confessionals are not going to come back. Too many things have changed about American Catholics and their understanding of themselves and the human condition for that to happen. There is irony in this: just as sacramental penance has disappeared, a more generalized confessional culture seems to have exploded. Any day of the week, we can watch dozens of people confessing (sometimes at the top of their lungs) to any number of bizarre things on television talk shows, not in hope of forgiveness, of course, but rather for our prurient amusement and in quest of a fleeting fame for themselves. More seriously, though, the disappearance of confession has attracted little discussion, and this only compounds the difficulty. We seem to be in the process of reducing the number of sacraments from seven to six—by default. The annual penance service held in many parishes is good as far as it goes. But an effective means has yet to be found for Catholics to express their recognition that they do not always live up to the ideals and standards they profess. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do I know this guy?

When I was twelve, a priest assigned me 300 Hail Marys and 300 Our Fathers for reciting the new Act of Contrition. He didn't like it. My mother reduced the sentence to 3, reasoning that I must have misheard, and in any case God knew that I had made a proper Act.

I remain, many years later, a wary and ambivalent penitent. I don't find dredging up sin, or even the speed of old-style confession, particularly humiliating. Rather, what daunts me is the socially and spiritually unique experience of addressing God in the presence of a single witness (an instrument of God's mercy, true, but also a human being).

No one could feel constrained pouring out one's failings in silence to God. So too there is freedom from self-consciousness and self-invention in communal reconciliation services, where we forge the I-Thou relationship with God and also collectively craft an image of a repentant Catholic community. But what are we doing when we address God in the presence of a priest alone?

One thing I am often doing is trimming. As a child I always ended my litany of sins with "I lied." That covered any confessional hyperbole resulting from my desire to be an appropriately scrupulous penitent. As an adult, trimming has taken the form of omissions that stem from a genuine reticence before the priest, especially in his male identity. I also admit my tendency to omission stems from unease about how a priest's personal allegiances might color his function as a penance designer. The experience at twelve left me not just with a good story but with an abiding anxiety about the confessor's ability to divorce his prejudices from his judgments.

Is it for good or ill that individual confession, in its very structure, tells me I cannot escape myself, my tendency to self-invention and self-forgiving? It certainly discomforts. But the confessional situation is not just uncomfortable. It is also confusing and even galling. Take the very opening, the old formulaic "Bless me, Father." To which Father am I talking? Feminist resentment, which I swear I don't experience in any other sacramental context, bristles: Is God being invoked to shore up the institutional structure? I think this reaction is fairly common among women my age.

I frankly admire the serious labor that priests devote to realizing their role as mediators in confession. Still, despite their intense, self-effacing work, their humanity looms large in the mind of the penitent. Indeed, despite any Catholic's wish, there seems to be more likeness between confession and the weirder expressions of our candid culture (such as the talk shows to which James O'Toole refers), than there is between confession and the candor that animates friendship and marriage. This latter, partly the result of the rise of therapy and the women's movement, naturally means that fewer people feel the pressure to tell which swelled nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century confessionals. Increasingly, people are accustomed to confessing to people to whom they are bound by affection; the oddity now is testifying to a relative stranger. Can sacramental confession accommodate that cultural shift? Should it? DARIA DONNELLY

Daria Donnelly *is* Commonweal*'s associate editor.*

Not yet in line

Long before I became a Catholic, my Jesuit-educated husband, born into and faithful to the church, told me that if I ever entered it, I wouldn't be eligible for confession. He explained that I was scrupulous—I imagined that I had sinned when I had not—and that therefore pastoral counseling was the thing for me. For the almost thirty years of my marriage, I've been a Catholic fellow-traveler, but it was only this past Easter that I was baptized. I was confirmed then, too, and received Communion. I continue to receive Communion (and give it; I'm a eucharistic minister), and I was married in a Catholic ceremony, so I've got four sacraments down. Holy orders are out as far as I'm concerned, and so far I haven't needed the sacrament of the sick.

That leaves confession. I haven't been.

Though I'm much older and calmer than I was when my husband made his serious joke about pastoral counseling, part of the reason I haven't confessed is connected with his analysis. I don't know what I'd say, exactly; sometimes I find it hard to separate the psychological from the spiritual. "Keep

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY NEW ORLEANS
MASTER OF ARTS IN THEOLOGY AND RELIGION

CONCENTRATIONS AVAILABLE IN:

- Systematic Theology
- Ethics
- History of Christianity
- Biblical Studies
- World Religions

Also: unique J.D./M.A. program in law and religion

Tuition discounts available; convenient evening classes.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, CONTACT:
Department of Religious Studies
Loyola University New Orleans
6363 St. Charles Avenue
Campus Box 81
New Orleans, LA 70118
(504) 865-3943
fax: (504) 865-3179
e-mail: sjduffy@loyno.edu
website: www.loyno.edu

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY NEW ORLEANS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us free from all anxiety," prays the priest in the embolism of the Our Father. That phrase strikes me every time. Anxiety, it seems, is part of the human condition. Is worrying a sin? Perhaps: it certainly doesn't bring me closer to God. But is it the worrying itself that's separating me, or some wrong I've done in the still unsorted tangle of a human relationship? Anyway, shouldn't I be more concerned with the political, the global?

Scrupulosity aside, the greater reason, the real reason, I think, that I haven't yet been to confession is the encompassing, perhaps sufficient, glory of the Mass, at least for a new participant like me. It is in church, during Mass, that I pray for the thinning and the eventual erasure of those thoughts and actions that stand between me and God, and for the understanding and will to bring me closer to him. Each time I share in the Mass, I'm nearly overcome with its beauty and promise and depth. I leave tired from the effort to pay attention to so much.

Perhaps James O'Toole is mistaken when he says, "an effective means has yet to be found for Catholics to express their recognition that they do not always live up to the ideals and standards they profess." We have the Mass: the greetings, and the penitential rite—sins of omission as well as commission included, "all that I have done, and all that I have failed to do"—the readings, the profession of faith, the songs and the homily and the alleluias and amens and the Eucharist. I'm still dizzy with all there is for me to try to absorb, and to live by.

For that very reason—the church's enormously generous blessing, my path now to God's love—I can't brush off the promise of any of the sacraments, to which my *Pocket Catholic Catechism* refers as "Channels of Grace." I'd better think whether I have something to say, worthy of confession.

MADELINE MARGET

Madeline Marget, *a frequent contributor, is the author of* Life's Blood *(Simon & Schuster).*

Examination of conscience

For centuries, confession or penance (as it was alternatively called) was the linchpin of the Catholic sacramental economy. The Eucharist might be exalted as a miraculous source of sanctifying grace but it was confession that got one over the threshold, so to speak—that could make the difference between eternal happiness or torture. Then, as James O'Toole writes, the system collapsed. Abandoning the confessional was on no one's agenda at Vatican II. Catholics just voted with their feet. Their abstention was so swift, massive, and spontaneous that it apparently stunned most commentators into silence.

It is true that frequent confession was hardly ever the norm throughout church history; indeed, the whole form and function of what is now called the sacrament of reconciliation underwent enormous changes over time. Many aware of that history have been tempted to shrug off the recent boycott as simply one more mutation that will, somehow, turn out for the best.

Others have put their hopes on changing the label, redesigning the furniture, inviting a bigger crowd, altering the mood, and, cautiously, the theology—all to the better, no doubt, but with only marginal effects on Catholics' stubborn indifference.

Still others, especially at the highest levels of church leadership, issue heartfelt and poignant appeals for a return to the sacrament, appeals that enjoy just enough success in pockets here and there to encourage a strategy of sheer repetition.

What collapsed, of course, was not simply a particular practice but a whole web of beliefs and attitudes—about sin, damnation, and hell, about fear, shame, guilt, and the ultimate ecclesiastical control exercised by the power of absolution. Numerous strands in that web have become for many Catholics utterly untenable, as unacceptable, even reprehensible, on moral grounds as belief in a seven-day creation is on scientific grounds. The rejection has been even more drastic and far-reaching than O'Toole has space to suggest.

So do we simply accept the reduction of seven sacraments to six? O'Toole is right to speak of a "gap." At best, middle-class Catholics rely on a medicine chest of therapies to cope with inner scars, everyday conflicts, and chronic failings; at worst, they too get caught in the tow of pop confessionalism and easy forgiveness, mainly of the self. There is little of genuine moral scrutiny, repentance, the opening of the heart to God's grace. Even the penitential service at Mass, typically rushed and more reassuring than challenging, seldom escapes the cultural norm and threatens to be embarrassing on the rare occasions when it does. The debate over general absolution versus particular confession is a sideshow.

But nothing will revive the sacrament if we dismiss as simply superficial or misguided the intuitions that made Catholics shun it, or if we are unwilling to consider major modifications in the way it is celebrated. Questions about the church's attitude toward the body and the indignities of sexual disclosures to a stranger claiming authority should not be exempt from that discussion.

Might not the church, building on certain precedents, retain the necessity of personal confession but, if so desired, allow it to be made not to a priest but another Christian, a spouse, friend, or adviser? Priestly absolution would follow only on inquiring whether such a confession was properly understood and made, and ascertaining the penitent's sorrow.

That may be a weak example, meant only to raise the question whether the future of this sacrament depends on retaining a clerical power that is already lost in practice or on something more basic to the Christian life. The future of this sacrament, in short, depends on whether Catholics, from I'm-OK-you're-OK congregants in the pew to the authorities in Rome, are willing to undertake a real examination of conscience.

PETER STEINFELS

Peter Steinfels *writes the "Beliefs" column for the* New York Times *and is visiting professor of history at Georgetown University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AT BAYONET POINT

China, Holy Week, 1951

Mary Carita Pendergast

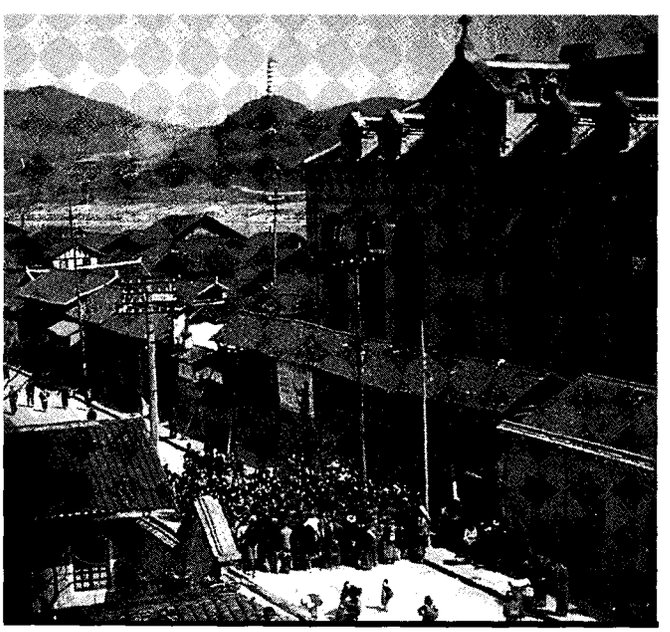
Perhaps it was fitting that our eviction from China took place during Holy Week, 1951. That was nearly fifty years ago, and the event is still indelibly etched on my memory.

There we stood huddled together amid a jeering crowd in a remote bus station of Hunan. We were nine Sisters of Charity garbed in shabby habits, ranging in age from thirty-two to sixty-nine. Our community had served the poor of the Yuanling Diocese for twenty-seven years. We were leaving a Chinese novice, who would die thirty years later in a prison labor camp, and the graves of three American and two Chinese sisters.

We had been handed exit visas five days earlier, with orders to leave with only a hand valise of baggage, and to provide our own transportation from Yuanling to Hong Kong. The Communists' occupation had begun eighteen months earlier; the takeover was gradual and well-planned. Their first action was directed toward our schools for girls, two elementary schools, and a middle and high school. When our Catholic principal refused to testify against us, they jailed her (she suffered eighteen years of imprisonment) and installed a Communist in her stead. Then they locked the doors of our free dispensary, and forbade mission personnel to enter our hundred-bed hospital and training school for nurses. They held a series of compulsory meetings, and warned the people against attending church services and the catechumenate. Next, they compelled the sisters to leave their convent and forbade the townspeople to lease us property. We had to turn to Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara for shelter in his rectory. (You can imagine the humor and the crowding in this situation!) Finally, the Communists turned their attention to the country mission at Wuki where the sisters conducted an orphanage, a school for girls, and a dispensary. The two sisters there were ordered to Yuanling, forced to make a tour of government offices in the biting cold, and then told to go to the bishop's already overcrowded premises. The end was in sight. A few days later, all the priests and sisters were marched to the yamen while the Christians didn't dare salute them or look at them.

On the morning of our departure, we attended Mass at 4 A.M., had breakfast with the assembled community of Passionist priests, said our farewells, and left. The bishop had chartered sampans, and several priests accompanied us. Our last view of Bishop O'Gara was of him standing on the beach, holding a lighted lantern, sheltered from the heavy rain by a huge paper umbrella raised over him by an aged Christian woman. In the deep darkness of the Yuan River we were aware of other sampans near us filled with noisy passengers, and we prepared for trouble.

When we disembarked, we were immediately surrounded by women soldiers who subjected us to a thorough and embarrassing search, and then led us to a double line of our own high school girls armed with sticks. We were ordered to run through this gauntlet and at the end to kneel and to apologize to the Chinese people for our offenses against them. Eight of us made it without hurt, for the girls would not raise their sticks. The last of our party was Sister Loretta Halligan, who refused to enter the double line. At that point, a soldier whispered to me, "Tell Sister Halligan to run the gauntlet, or she will be severely punished." I hastened to where she stood and whispered, "Run the gauntlet and at the end apologize for your errors with the Chinese." Her Irish blue eyes blazed with indignation and she exclaimed,



Back to America

Mary Carita Pendergast, S.C., *served in China for eighteen years. She later earned a doctorate in psychology from Fordham University, and was the vicar for religious in the Trenton Diocese. She is the author of* Havoc in Hunan: The Sisters of Charity in Western Hunan, 1924–51 *(College of Saint Elizabeth Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I crossed two oceans to serve these people. I never harmed anyone." I argued, "Come on, Loretta. Neither did the rest of us ever harm the people. But we have all run safely through the gauntlet, and apologized, for we certainly did make some mistakes." Sister Loretta was our superior, and in her misery and anxiety hadn't seen what was happening to the rest of us. She thought she was being singled out as our leader. Finally, she too went safely through the gauntlet.

Standing nearby, there was a woman eyeing me sympathetically, nodding in denial of the current goings-on. Then she noticed some soldiers watching her, and she raised a clenched fist and shook it in my face. There were several of these tragicomic happenings until we reached the railway station at Changsha. There we found that there were no longer first-class and second-class compartments, but hard-seat and soft-seat compartments. We were not surprised to find that we were denied soft seats for the long, overnight ride to Canton. At Hengyang, the station was crowded with recently arrived Russian soldiers, who peered in at us through the windows as curiously as we glanced out at them.

Standing nearby, there was a woman eyeing me sympathetically, nodding in denial of the current goings-on. Then she noticed some soldiers watching her, and she raised a clenched fist and shook it in my face.

When we reached Canton, all the foreigners were ordered to stand in a row at the siding. We were five priests, nine Sisters of Charity, six Protestant missionaries, and two French consulate wives with their children; all were subject, without exception, to a humiliating search. Then the doors of the freight car opened, and two heavily armed soldiers jumped down and pulled down a small, thin white man, with long hair and unruly beard, trousers held up with a rope, and broken shoes. A European priest whispered, "A White Russian! They are worse off than we are." But the ragged little man glanced at the sisters in surprise out of bright blue eyes, and the word passed among the sisters, "Monsignor Dillon!" He nodded and smiled. He was the American Franciscan prefect apostolic of Shashih, in Hunan, who had spent eighty-five days in prison and had left behind several of his confreres in the same prison. We foreigners were then directed to a hotel just across from the train station, and Monsignor Dillon found himself in a room adjoining that of the other priests. They eventually carried on a conversation in Latin over the six-foot-high room dividers as the guards nodded in sleep. That night, a Chinese woman ran screaming through the hotel corridors claiming that foreign priests (all securely locked in their rooms with their soldier guards) had raped her. The next morning, we were ordered to report to the Alien Registration Bureau, but our progress was halted for more than an hour by a demonstration against foreigners, during which Maryknoll Bishop Francis X. Ford, who later died in prison, and his secretary, Sister Joan, were paraded in a truck to the jeers of the bystanders. This we witnessed before entering the bureau, where further rough treatment awaited us.

The next morning we were again lined up in the railway station, until Monsignor Dillon was led past us and thrust into the baggage car. He was scruffy as the day before, but definitely cheerful as he flashed us a wide grin. The ride to Hong Kong was just a matter of three hours. But we were put off the train at Lo-Wu, a neutral strip of land one mile wide which had been denuded of trees by the Chinese Communist government to prevent fugitives from hiding. The weather was very hot, and we plodded painfully toward the border of British-held Hong Kong. The two guards escorting monsignor out of China hurried past us. Shortly afterward, they returned without their captive. Emboldened by our proximity to freedom, I said to the soldier hurrying back to Lo-Wu, "How is your prisoner?" Without missing a step, the soldier muttered, "He is a good man!"

Missionaries of many nationalities had set up a watch at the border to welcome and direct refugees. Among them was Father Anthony Maloney, a Passionist who came toward us with a welcoming smile and bottles of Coca-Cola.

Our ordeal was over. We had only to rest and spruce up before continuing our journey by ship and rail, as was the travel mode a half-century ago. But the Passionists with whom we had collaborated for so many years and the native Christians were subject to much crueler treatment than had been accorded us. Seven Passionists were held in solitary confinement and received barbarous treatment in the prison at Yuanling; two were sent to Changsha, where they were incarcerated for nearly four years; three were held in house arrest in Yuanling for three years; and Bishop O'Gara was carried out of prison in a dying condition and spent a long period recovering in a Hong Kong hospital. As for the Christians, they are still at the foot of the cross where we led them, for the persecution and harassment continue.

Of the eighteen Sisters of Charity and more than thirty Passionists who served the Yuanling mission, only two priests and two sisters survive. All four are now marked by time, but they remember with awe the valor of their associates, and with even greater awe the memory of the heroic Chinese Christians. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Benjamin Ivry

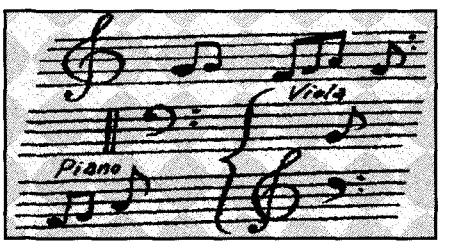
SAVING THE SACRED PAST

And welcoming the future

The Haenssler Classic recording company, based in the southern German city of Holzgerlingen, is an anomaly: a small independent firm specializing in sacred music that has produced quality recordings and made a profit. Not content to record only the classics in the genre, Haenssler, established in 1919, has offered a fascinating presentation of what sacred music can signify in our own era. It recently released splendid versions of rare oratorios like the Swiss composer Frank Martin's *Golgotha*, Franz Liszt's *Christus*, and Franz Schubert's *Lazarus*. The firm's interest in religious music is admirably ecumenical and includes a fascinating recital of Jewish chamber music by the sublime viola player, Tabea Zimmermann.

Haenssler has also sponsored ambitious attempts to regenerate large-scale sacred music by commissioning anthologies by contemporary composers. This approach received some criticism in 1995 when Haenssler's *Requiem of Reconciliation*, meant to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the end of World War II, involved fourteen composers in an unsuccessful attempt to combine highly disparate styles. A more recent effort, *Passion 2000*, in honor of Bach, narrowed the participating composers to four major names, Wolfgang Rihm, Sofia Gubaidulina, Osvaldo Golijov, and Tan Dun, each setting one of the Gospels. The latter recording is scheduled for release this spring.

These wide-ranging and multifarious activities on behalf of modern sacred music began in a humble southern German sheet-music publishing house. In the difficult aftermath of World War I, a Sunday composer named Friedrich Haenssler (1892–1972) founded a publishing firm, in part for his own output, which included the popular song, "Carried on Eagles' Wings." Industriously producing liturgical music for Swabian churches, Haenssler made a go of his company until the rise of Nazism in 1933. Suddenly, the beloved composer Mendelssohn, a standby of church performance, was *persona non grata* to the Nazis because of his Jewish roots. By 1941, Haenssler was hit by a ban on all publishing, leaving only his bookshop untouched. But this in turn was closed by official order in 1944. Haenssler was given the option to renounce Christian music—as well as Mendelssohn—but



chose the path of resistance. He cannily packed his printing plates and backlist of works by Jewish and other banned composers into an abandoned chicken coop, preserving them from destruction.

These events had a permanent impact on the publishing house. Even today, it maintains a keen awareness of how the persecuted must retain a sense of identity. Thus, Haenssler continues to publish books of Jewish theology, such as Ludwig Schneider's recent *Keys to the Torah*. Friedrich Haenssler himself pointed out how, despite persecutions and the diaspora, the Jewish people did not forget their home and traditions but strengthened them "like a young plant."

Carrying these lessons through the slow recovery that followed World War II, in 1951 Haenssler received a large order for sacred sheet music from a young choir leader in the Swabian Alps, Helmut Rilling. Later known as the Gaechinger Kantorei, Rilling's group became one of the most recorded sacred music ensembles in the world. This was in no small part due to a development in the 1970s when, in addition to publishing books of biblical exegesis and sheet music, Haenssler (then run by the founder's son, Friedrich Jr.) began producing phonograph records. Rilling launched a vast project to record all of Bach's works, which became the seventy-CD set the company presented with justifiable pride last year during the Bach anniversary.

By obsessing on Bach, the company was taking a considerable risk because, apart from generally excellent singers, Rilling's recordings are in distinct contrast to more historically accurate renditions by specialists such as Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Gustav Leonhardt, Frans Bruggen, and others who offer a fleeter, lighter Bach than Rilling does. Still, Rilling attracted a series of distinguished soloists, from the late American soprano Arleen Auger to baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Today, Rilling hires the finest crop of younger singers, including soprano Christiane Oelze, baritone Matthias Goerne, and bass Thomas Quasthoff. In addition, Haenssler has had the smarts to employ some of the best sound engineers available for love or money, notably the legendary producer Teije van Geest, who had previously achieved miraculous results in a series of Bach cantatas on Warner-Teldec, conducted by Harnoncourt and Leonhardt. As producer, van Geest is an interventionist. In the recording he produced of Bach's violin concertos, he managed to have Rilling and his forces display unsuspected qualities of speed and grace. Similarly, the version of Bach's often-recorded cello suites by Boris Pergamenschikow is one of the finest in recent years, in part because of the splendid sound quality of the recording and the way it captures the cellist's artistry.

The Haenssler (<www.haenssler.de>) trajectory suggests that by looking imaginatively to the future, while keeping a sense of history, a religious publisher may surprise the world. □

Benjamin Ivry *is the author of, most recently,* Maurice Ravel: A Life *(Welcome Rain Publishers).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Chicagoan, born & bred

Bellow
A Biography
James Atlas
Random House, $35, 686 pp.

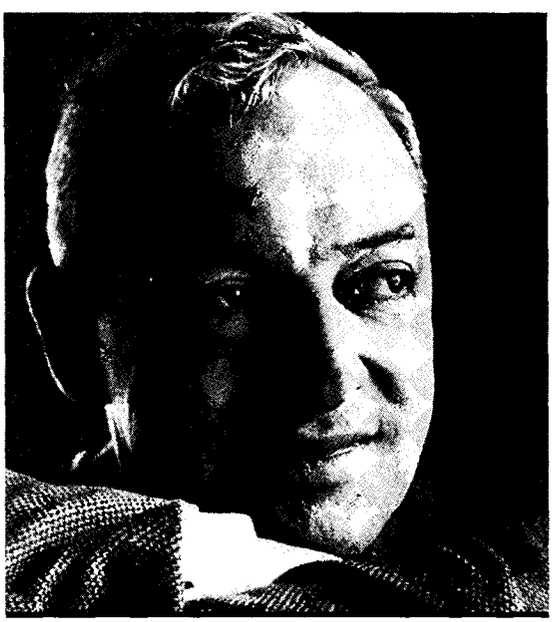
Mark Krupnick

James Atlas's long-awaited biography of Saul Bellow has been more than a decade in the making. Although ambitiously conceived, *Bellow* deals more satisfactorily with the author's life than with his art. Indeed, it contains more than most readers will want to know about Bellow's many wives and girlfriends. There is also much new information about Bellow's close male friendships, which have been just as fraught as his relations with women, and about the nuts and bolts of his literary career.

Atlas's emphasis on the material and matrimonial side of Bellow's life has disposed some reviewers to protest: What about the striving of Bellow's characters, and of their creator, toward a higher spiritual condition? Why has Atlas not illuminated the development of the "firm metaphysical intelligence" that these reviewers claim to be Bellow's defining literary talent? The critics have had one common theme: What they see as Atlas's materialism and reductionism is the wrong way to go at Bellow. The only right kind of biography for so great a novelist must be a biography of his imagination.

But a book about the development of Bellow's worldview and spiritual strivings would most likely have been a muddle because Bellow has been neither a clear thinker nor a prophetic visionary. That is not to say that he did not ascribe to himself a profound philosophic-religious consciousness. One incident adduced by Atlas is revelatory in this regard. In the years when Bellow was writing *Henderson the Rain King* (1959), he experienced a new creative power that inspired moments of ecstatic confidence. To the novelist Herb Gold, he burst out on one occasion: "Pretty soon I'll be unassailable, and I can write philosophy like Tolstoy."

That was a wrong call. Atlas observes that, for all Bellow's gifts as an artist, he has not been notable for his self-knowledge. His special vocation as a novelist could not have been more unlike that of Tolstoy, who *could* "write philosophy," as another philosopher, Isaiah Berlin, showed in his great essay "The Hedgehog and the Fox." That Bellow believed people might be acquiring a similar kind of wisdom from his novels suggests a misguided self-conception. More frequently his readers were grateful to Bellow because the confusion of his characters legitimated their own.



Not quite a metaphysician

Certainly Bellow has looked to ideas to orient his life and structure his fiction. The problem is that most of the ideas he has promoted have not been very good ones. For instance, in the novelist's early phase there was Wilhelm Reich with his theories about the armored body and the need to liberate "orgastic" energy. Later, notably in *Humboldt's Gift*, Bellow offered himself as a spokesman for anthroposophy, Rudolph Steiner's early, Central-European forerunner of Scientology.

Bellow's New York contemporaries, like the literary critics Philip Rahv and Irving Howe, tended to exaggerate his intellectual power. That's understandable. There have been so few American novelists with anything like European writers' interest in general ideas that the New York intellectuals were gratified by what they greeted as the creative fulfillment of their own and their generation's experience. Bellow seemed to speak for them as children of immigrants, victims of the Depression, and perhaps above all as once-radical intellectuals who had been deprived during the cold-war years of a public existence. In *Herzog* the anguish of the eponymous hero was the anguish of a whole intellectual generation for whom the discrediting of left-wing politics had meant having to find their fulfillment in domestic life. What had ensued for many of them was a riot of sexual affairs and messy divorces that had nothing like the dignity of 1930s debates in the *agora* (namely, Broadway cafeterias) about the fate of capitalism.

Herzog reveals in what limited sense Bellow has been a novelist of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

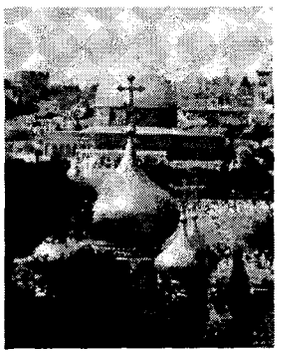
ideas. It is about the cuckolding and subsequent psychological breakdown of a historian of ideas—it was the first novel of Bellow's in which the hero was by profession a thinker. Herzog removes himself from society in order to recover, and he writes letter after letter to contemporary political leaders and thinkers and others who inspire his skeptical comments and questions. The letters are brilliant, and the novel is wonderfully funny in dramatizing the comedy of the emotionally distraught, unmoored intellectual drowning in a sea of ideas. Herzog's is the comic pathos of the intellectual rendered ineffectual: he has no audience, and his letters go unsent. To be sure, Bellow's antiheroes live in a world of ideas, but compared, say, to Thomas Mann or James Joyce, Bellow himself seems a kibitzer.

Atlas also helps us see how much Bellow has always been dependent for the ideas in his fiction on a succession of mentors—usually big-brother types. As Saul had been the youngest and dreamiest of the men in his immediate family, so has he all through his life been the naive, often the *faux naive*, outsider/beginner. At times he has appeared very dependent on others, and at other times fiercely protective of his independence. Ambivalence seems a constant in his character. Augie March insists he is not "a candidate for adoption" in the 1953 novel named after him, but he would not be insisting so much on his freedom if he did not always feel tempted to surrender it.

One thinks of the gurus in Bellow's life, among them the University of Chicago sociologist Edward Shils; the art critic Harold Rosenberg, whom Bellow memorializes in his novella "What Kind of Day Did You Have?"; and Allen Bloom, with whom Bellow co-taught in the Committee on Social Thought up to the time of Bloom's death. *Ravelstein*, Bellow's memorial to Bloom, appeared in 2000, in the novelist's eighty-fifth year. It is much the best work of fiction he had written in a long time, but it is a brilliant study in character, not a philosophical novel or a visionary work. Bellow has had his own kind of greatness, but it has not been like that of William Blake or D. H. Lawrence. On the contrary, the appearance of big ideas or intimations of visionary experience in a Bellow novel is often the sign of a lapse of literary imagination and its displacement by the pedagogic will. This is where we can see the aptness of Atlas's concern with the material conditions of Bellow's life.

In Chicago, which is Atlas's hometown as well as Bellow's, spirit has always had to struggle against the grit, even the sewage, of materiality. To present Bellow's life in its gritty detail is not to be reductive. It is to show the way things have been, to show what Bellow's creative imagination has had to wrestle with. Few great cities can have been as indifferent to the effort of mind and imagination as Chicago. Atlas's entertaining, well-paced, original account of the fate of the serious artist amid the welter of mid-twentieth-century history shows precisely the way to render Saul Bellow's American life. □

Mark Krupnick *teaches literature at The Divinity School, University of Chicago.*



Holy Land Studies

- *Scripture study in the cradle of Christian faith*
- *Extensive excursions in surrounding countries*
- *Courses offered for graduate credit or audit*
- *May be combined with Sabbatical at Saint John's*

lschreiber@csbsju.edu • http://www.csbsju.edu/sot

Saint John's School of Theology•Seminary • Collegeville, MN 56321 • 320-363-3154

Seminars in Christian Scholarship
Spring Conferences 2001
Susan M. Felch, Director

Christianity as a World Religion, April 26-28
with Lamin Sanneh (host), Paul Hiebert, Charles Taber, Jan van Butselaar and Andrew Walls
funded by The Pew Charitable Trusts

Modernity, Postmodernity, and the Future of Hope, May 24-26
with Miroslav Volf (host), John Milbank, Jürgen Moltmann, and Nicholas Wolterstorff
funded by The Pew Charitable Trusts

Design, Self-Organization, and the Integrity of Creation, May 24-26
with William Dembski (host), John Haught, Alvin Plantinga, Jonathan Wells and others
funded by Fieldstead & Company

Location for all conferences is Grand Rapids, Michigan.
For registration and other information,
check web site *www.calvin.edu/fss*
or call 616-957-8558.

CALVIN
College

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A POET REMEMBERS, FRUITFULLY

Milosz's ABCs
By Czeslaw Milosz
Translated by Madeline Levine
Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, $24, 312 pp.

Harold Isbell

This little book, by the Nobel Prize-winning poet, is a remarkable testament to the place of memory in the definition of a conscious self. Set in abecedarian form, this collection of précis, short essays, observations, and close descriptions of the minutiae of cataclysmic change is arranged by the totally arbitrary place that a keyword gives each entry on an alphabetical string.

Czelsaw Milosz was born in 1911 in Polish Lithuania, then subject to Russia. Several years later, at the outbreak of World War I, his family moved to Wilno, where Milosz lived until 1936, when he moved to Warsaw. Though born a Lithuanian, maybe even a Russian, Milosz has always considered himself Polish.

The first entry is for a fellow Lithuanian Pole, Ludwik Abramowicz, who from the early years of the twentieth century published, as a labor of love for Polish-speaking Lithuanians, a small journal, the *Wilno Review*. The concluding entry is for Tomasz Zan, a prominent figure in the city where Milosz spent his childhood and youth. Beyond the use of these two figures as a kind of envelope, there is little or no structural arrangement to the entries apart from the simple fact that they are an assortment of recollections of one life. Yet, in reading through the book, it becomes obvious that the *Wilno Review* of Ludwik Abramowicz and the library named to commemorate the generosity of Tomasz Zan were both major formative influences in Milosz's early years, providing him with a community of intellectual comfort in truly desperate times.

Between these two entries is a cornucopia of persons and places, some trivial, some well-known, some so tangential as to be mystifying except for their importance to the author's life. How can a reader possibly be engaged by such seemingly parochial considerations? The answers are multiple.

First, while some people chronicled here do not loom large on the contemporary horizon, they are representative of the human spirit in the context of its mingled aspirations, frustrations, and grubby reality. Second, there is the writer's view of the dead and of memory. Following the last alphabetical entry is an envoi reflecting on the place of memory and its persistence as it relates to Milosz's conviction about how life continues after death, and that the spirits of the dead retain an interest in the affairs of those still alive. For Milosz, the world is inhabited by all these people who suffered and struggled to survive in times that were deeply and profoundly troubled. Like the literary and heroic characters of Orpheus, Odysseus, Aeneas, and Dante before him, Milosz has realized that there is no understanding the present until one makes a perilous descent into an underworld of memory, first to placate and then to query those gone before.

Milosz's recollection of selected details of the last bloody century is anything but the charming reminiscence of an old man or the indulgence of a regressive nostalgia. In his Nobel lecture, seventy years after his birth, Milosz said: "Those who are alive receive a mandate

flay

your body
lies there and I love it
even more now the color of milk
the sun at the window rises and sets
on you
breath cakes at your lips
but you add so much more to speech than
the blurbs which talk on television
the room heaves with its dust
cracks blow little storms
I can't hear birds
the mountains
stare back your silhouette
a railroad train is pulling metal parts
the mounted pictures of birds
on my walls where they hang in the sun
are coming unglued

Peter Layton

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from those who are silent forever. They can fulfill their duties only by trying to reconstruct precisely things as they were and by wrestling the past from fictions and legends."

At the same time, Milosz is careful to note the treachery of memory and he hesitates to regard his own memory as definitive. But what he remembers is, now, all that he has.

It is interesting to notice that of the people he knew as friends, and those he knew only by reading their work, the amount of space given to each can be disproportionate to the roles they played in his life. For example, he mentions Thomas Merton but only in passing while discussing the achievement of Jacques Maritain. Though he may have met Maritain while still in Poland, it was with Merton that he corresponded regularly and at some length through the last decade of Merton's life.

On the other hand, he devotes a large entry to Denise Levertov whom he met at a very delightful dinner in Greenwich Village. Later they became close friends, corresponding extensively by letter and telephone, as well as the occasional visit, until her death.

Like Odysseus gone down to Hades seeking news of home, Milosz has put himself at risk of considerable pain in remembering and recounting his own experience and the experience of those gone before him. Thus these shadowy figures are given a share of his life and they come, now, bearing a saving history that becomes the lifeblood of a man approaching the end of his own life. He will never be free of the past just as the past now will never be free of him. In this book, the events of history become experience and, finally, art as Milosz turns the memory of experience back to elucidate the event.

In crafting this work, as the two brief entries "truth" and "time" eloquently suggest, a life shaped by the terror of political instability and institutionalized brutality relentlessly goes on seeking that order which is the natural desire of every human mind. □

Harold Isbell *is the translator of* Ovid: Heroides *(Penguin).*

"We have been called to heal wounds, to unite what has fallen apart, and to bring home those who have lost their way."

–St. Francis of Assisi

- Promoting Christian Unity and Inter-religious Understanding
- Pastoral, Catechetical and Social Ministries
- Ministries in the United States, Canada, Japan and Europe

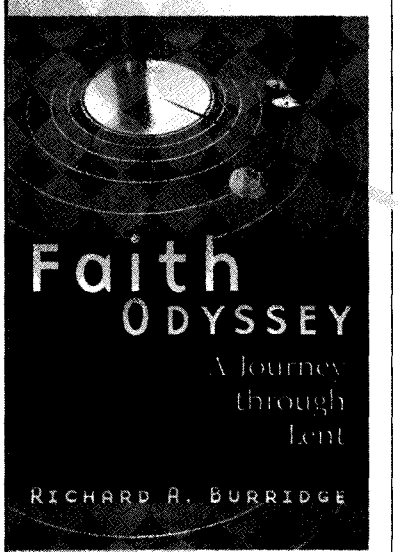
For information about the Franciscan Friars and Sisters of the Atonement contact:

Vocation Director
Graymoor
Garrison, NY 10524-0300
914 424 3671
www.atonementfriars.org
e-mail: vocations@atonementfriars.org

Faith ODYSSEY A Journey through Lent

RICHARD A. BURRIDGE

A novel and exciting journey through the Lenten season



FAITH ODYSSEY is a Lent book like none ever written. Richard Burridge here invites readers to journey through the season of Lent with devotional readings that combine Scripture with stories from science fiction and popular culture.

For each day, beginning with Ash Wednesday, passages from the Bible are placed alongside stories drawn from literature, television, and film — from Homer's *Odyssey* to *2001: A Space Odyssey*, from *Star Trek* and *Star Wars* to *Dune* and *The Matrix*, mixing Narnia, Harry Potter, and *Pilgrim's Progress* — all to illustrate the human journey from the ashes of sorrow to the joy of Jesus' ultimate victory. Burridge's fifty short readings trace with flair and great relevance the Christian pilgrimage against the background of today's world, offering fresh perspectives for meditating on such themes as sin, alienation, baptism, the church, prayer, and the spiritual life.

Packed with thought-provoking insight into the meaning of the Lenten season, *Faith Odyssey* truly provides a unique devotional experience.

ISBN 0-8028-3897-9
paperback
200 pages
$15.00

1037 WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO.
255 JEFFERSON AVE. S.E. / GRAND RAPIDS, MI 49503

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN GOVERNMENT WE TRUST

What Government Can Do
Dealing with Poverty and Inequality
Benjamin I. Page and James R. Simmons
University of Chicago Press, $29, 409 pp.

W. Shepherdson Abell

The recent presidential campaign may have left some doubt as to where George W. Bush and Al Gore really stood on "big government." There is no doubt where Benjamin Page and James Simmons stand. These academics are very much for it, and, in a reasoned and carefully documented book, they explain exactly why.

Page and Simmons are in favor of sharply progressive tax rates, easy monetary policy, affirmative action, abortion rights, putting far fewer people in prison, national health care, lower spending on the military, and greatly increased spending on virtually every social program under the sun. Give me that old-time religion....

This book contains substantial factual background on an array of policy issues, and there are nuggets of new (to me) and striking information throughout. For instance, although the number of people homeless at any given time during the 1980s may have been in the range of 350,000, that translates to 1.2 million over the course of a typical year, because people move in and out of homelessness; the Clinton administration estimated that during the second half of the 1980s, as many as 7 million Americans were homeless at one time or other.

Unless you're a statistics junkie, the book may be too full of information. Although clearly written, it can be a slow read. Yet it contains illuminating discussions of how progressive the overall tax system is (not very), the impact of the availability of public assistance on young women having children (not great), and which military spending helps the poor and which tends to benefit the wealthy (you'll have to read that part yourself).

"The government is cutting taxes. So we're asking all taxpayers to do their bit by pledging to earn more."

Page and Simmons are especially good at unearthing the theoretical and practical roots of policy disputes. For the most part, although their own convictions are clear and passionately held, they attempt to be fair in setting out opposing views. They support their own positions with copious references to studies on the real-world effects of the various government programs they advocate. For instance, they demonstrate convincingly that much more could be done for the working poor without stifling individual initiative.

Four core approaches to poverty and equality are advanced: enhanced education; a full supply of jobs at decent wages; an extensive program of social insurance; and universal, government-funded rights to health, food, and housing. This is a very tall order indeed. The authors put no price tag on it, but consider that a wealthy nation ought to be able to afford it all.

Two arguments are especially interesting for Catholics grounded in the church's social tradition. The first is implied in the book's subtitle: *Dealing with Poverty and Inequality*. Page and Simmons believe that inequality is a problem that ranks with poverty. But is it? If we could ensure that everyone in this country had a decent standard of living and the opportunity (and ability) to hold a good job, would it be a bad thing that CEOs, baseball players, and dot-com secretaries had millions of dollars? The Catholic social tradition, as far as I know, has focused much more on getting everyone up to a decent standard of living, and hardly at all on the issue of equality as a goal in itself. But inequality matters greatly to Page and Simmons. That is why they advocate a 70-percent income-tax levy on the richest Americans, and the taxation of things like the "imputed" rental value of the homes we own—not because the government needs the money to fund other programs, but because the leveling effect is good in itself.

A second point of interest has to do with "social insurance." Here the authors have in mind not just Social Security, Medicare, and the like, but a much

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broader conception that "would consider people's chances of being stuck with deficient genetic endowments or a deficient upbringing—or landing in a hostile environment—as being risks against which society should at least partly insure its members." This ought to lead, in their view, to government programs that insure children against the misfortunes of bad genes, inadequate nutrition, or the lack of loving parents—and insure adults against the effects of those childhood misfortunes.

This argument may provoke the thoughtful reader to consider how large a part the qualities of perseverance and industry, so prized by our society, may really be traits at least partly inherited, or affected by a hard childhood. Still, the argument seems strained and somewhat reductionist. (To be fair, the authors acknowledge that despite all the genetic and environmental forces, people have some control over what they do or do not achieve—but not, you surmise, very much.) The Catholic tradition has given greater weight to personal responsibility.

There are other disappointing notes. Page and Simmons swallow the prochoice line completely, arguing that we can reduce poverty by preventing children from being "cast into hopeless situations as infants." Equality of opportunity is not to be available to the unborn.

I was left with nagging doubts about the book's enthusiastic reading of government's ability to do all things well. By the final chapter, I wondered whether it was just coincidental that all the methodologically sound research referred to by the authors happened to support George McGovern's campaign in 1972. Still, the Page and Simmons case that government should be doing more for the less fortunate is persuasive. It is also wildly unrealistic in this political climate. That doesn't mean, of course, that it's not morally correct. □

W. Shepherdson Abell *is a graduate of Boston College and Georgetown University Law Center, where he is an adjunct professor. He currently serves as a member of the Advisory Committee on Domestic Policy of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops.*

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 4)

Lived wisdom

Luke Timothy Johnson's persuasive article on John Paul II's theology of the body is perhaps the finest article of its kind I have read in forty years. In my congregation there is a man who left his position as an active priest in the wake of Paul VI's *Humanae vitae*. Each time we gather at the Lord's table, I see in his eyes, lo these many years later, the struggling wisdom that is so evident in Johnson's words.

The entire issue of human sexuality and the gospel tradition is, it seems to me, not so much a matter of church versus individual conscience. Rather, it is about the church learning from the lived wisdom of her members and having the courage to (here is that word!) incorporate it.

(MOST REV.) E. BRIAN CARSTEN
Angola, Ind.

The writer is Metropolitan Archbishop of the Orthodox Catholic Church of America.

On different planets

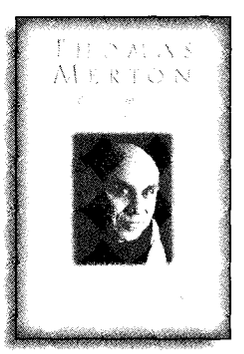
Luke Timothy Johnson's critique of Pope John Paul II's reflections on sexuality was the most theologically cogent and pastorally persuasive commentary I've read in years about Catholic sexual teaching. I must admit, sadly, that in my thirty-six years as a priest, most married persons—and those to be married—with whom I have spoken feel that the church doesn't really address the complex problems couples face today. The documents issuing from Rome and diocesan offices come across as totally abstract and divorced from real life. One wonders in what spatial reality their authors live. Have they ever had any firsthand, practical experience with marriage?

It's exciting to read something like Johnson's refreshing insights. But, alas, people like him who try to introduce fresh ways of looking at such questions, while preserving the deep values of our faith, often find the welcome mat snatched out from under

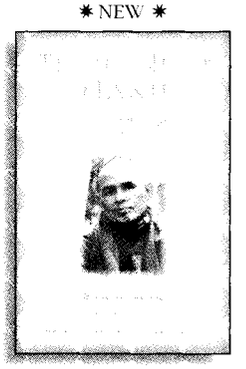
MODERN SPIRITUAL MASTERS

The Essential Writings of Some of the Greatest Spiritual Teachers of the Twentieth Century

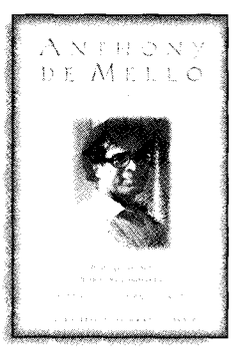
✷ NEW ✷



Thomas Merton
Essential Writings
Selected with an Introduction by Christine M. Bochen
1-57075-331-8 paper $14.00



Thich Nhat Hanh
Essential Writings
Edited by Robert Ellsberg Introduction by Sister Annabel Laity
1-57075-370-9 paper $15.00



Anthony de Mello
Essential Writings
Writings Selected with an Introduction by William Dych
1-57075-283-4 paper $14.00

A World of Books that Matter
www.orbisbooks.com

At your bookseller or direct
ORBIS BOOKS
Maryknoll, NY 10545
1-800-258-5838

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them. Maybe that's why there is such massive apostacy among young people of marrying age, as well as so many who are married. Most of them have long ago put aside church teaching on birth control. How long can we afford to lose this critically important segment of the Catholic church in favor of a moral theology of sexuality that appears so rigid and static? Is anybody listening to them?

(REV.) GEORGE R. FITZGERALD, C.S.P.
Vail, Colo.

No red hat

Luke Timothy Johnson's incisive critique of John Paul II's pronouncements on love, sex, and pleasure should be studied and openly discussed in every Catholic college and Newman Club in the nation—together with Paul Baumann's humorous reflections on George Weigel's biography of our pope ("Crossing the Threshold," December 3, 1999). Both of these *Commonweal* articles are priceless and full of wisdom from men who have actually "been there and done that." Of course, both will be decried by those who believe Catholics should all walk in lock step with any current papal teaching, especially in matters of sexual ethics. Oh well! To be sure, Luke Timothy Johnson will not be joining Avery Dulles at the next consistory.

ANDREW GALLIGAN
Tracy, Calif.

CLASSIFIED

RATES: $1.15 per word; 12-word minimum. Discounts 5 percent, 3 times; 10 percent, 6 times; 15 percent, 12 times. Advance payment required. Discounts and monthly billing available for repeat advertisers. For additional information call 212-662-4200 or write COMMONWEAL, 475 Riverside Dr., Rm. 405, N.Y., N.Y. 10115.

Manuscripts Wanted

BECOME A PUBLISHED AUTHOR. Quality subsidy publisher accepting manuscripts. 1-800-695-9599.

Scotland Tour

FORMER WARDEN OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS IONA ABBEY IN SCOTLAND, and World-Known Celtic Spirituality Scholar and best-selling author Dr. J. Philip Newell will lead a four-day program on Iona as part of a Scotland Trip June 25–July 5. Newark departure. Details: The Reverend L. Fred Griffie. Telephone 606 573-9771 or Fax 606 573-2311.

Director of Ethics

TRINITY HEALTH, THE 3RD LARGEST Catholic health-care system in the country based on net patient revenue, currently has an opening for a Director of Ethics. This position is located at our offices in Farmington Hills, Michigan.

Responsibilities include: providing leadership and assistance to governance, management, and employees in integrating Trinity Health mission and values into all aspects of the organization, including orientation, planning, budgeting, human resource policies, leadership development, legal and advocacy, etc., with special attention to ethical process in acute care, long-term care, home care, hospice, and managed care. Works with Trinity Health subsidiaries and system offices to identify and make explicit the mission and values dimensions of issues and to address, establish, and work through a process to address these dimensions, and develop means for monitoring the results. The applicant must have a thorough knowledge and understanding of the Roman Catholic tradition and its social-justice teaching as it relates to its stance on health care. Must have a working knowledge of ethics to be able to assist in establishing the values at stake in decisions, policies, and practices, identifying any conflicts that exist, and reaching appropriate conclusions. A Ph.D. in ethics or a related field, as well as experience in health-care organizations and management is preferred. All qualified applicants please forward résumé and salary requirements no later than February 28, 2001 to: Trinity Health, Attn: Human Resources-JAW, 34605 W. 12 Mile Road, Farmington Hills, MI 48331; Fax: (218) 488-9244. E-mail: wynnj@trinity-health.org EOE.

Become a 2001 Commonweal Associate

- ☐ Benefactors $1,000
- ☐ Supporters $500
- ☐ Patrons $250
- ☐ Charter $125
- ☐ Sustaining $50

☐ Full amount enclosed
☐ Half enclosed; remind me of the balance in 6 months.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Commonweal Associates
475 Riverside Drive, Room 405
New York, NY 10115

Memberships are tax deductible.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gratitude from the Heart of *Commonweal*

For seventy-seven years, *Commonweal* has been able to provide a place for catholic, liberal, and opinionated voices to reach an audience of readers around the world. We have been able to do this because of the steadfast, generous support of the Commonweal Associates. Each year their contributions help us bridge the gap between our revenue and expenses. We want to thank all those who contributed to the Associates, and especially the 1,107 people listed below who gave $50 or more from January 19, 2000 through January 19, 2001.

Benefactors

Anonymous, IL
Anonymous, TX
Rev. Msgr. Joseph Alves, MA
Francis Neill Corbett, NY
Neil Coughlan, CT
Rev. Anthony DiRusso, NH
Susan Donnelly, MI
Lee F. Driscoll Jr., PA
James Duffy, NY
Mr. & Mrs. Ralph H. Dwan Jr., DC
Paul & Clare Faherty, IL
In memory of Sister Ita Ford, M.M., NJ
Peter B. Fritz, TX
Thomas Gallagher, NY
Robert G. Hoyt, NY
John & Miriam Hunt, NJ
Edward & Marguerite Kowaleski, MI
Mrs. Irving F. (Eulah) Laucks, WA
Rev. Robert E. Lauder, NY
Patricia MacManus, NY
Rev. Mr. Bartholomew J. Merella, MD
Gale & Angela Metzger, NJ
Judith Ann & John Neff, TN
Dennis O'Brien, VT
Mr. & Mrs. Daniel P. O'Connell, CT
Christian B. Peper, MO
Paul C. Saunders, NY
Valerie C. Scanlon, NY
Rev. A.J. Schumacher, WI
Joan & Richard Sexton, NY
Mary Simon, IL
Dr. Stephen J. Sweeny, NY

Supporters

Martha Baltzell, PA
Joseph C. Barbaccia, M.D., CA
Rev. William J. Bausch, NJ
Mr. & Mrs. Robert L. Berner Jr., IL
Cyril & June Buersmeyer, MI
Blanche Childs, IL
Catherine M. Connolly, CA
Mrs. Margaret Culkin, CA
Dr. James B. Finn, MO
Thomas & Rita Marie Finnerty, NY
Donald Gancer, IL
Rev. Norman Imgrund, PA
Tom Johnson, TX
Rev. J. A. Komonchak, MD
John & Mary Korey, CA
Mrs. J. Craig Kuhn, PA
Thomas & Barbara Kummerer, IL
Frank & Julia Ladner, IL
Stephen Manning, KY
Edward F. Mannino, PA
Alice E. Mayhew, NY
John G. McKevitt, PA
Mother of Consolation Church, WI
Jonathan & Shirley O'Herron, CT
Margery B. Parry, FL
Joseph & Irene Roach, NY
Peter & Ann Robinson, CT
Kurt & Lois Schilling, V.M.D., CA
Gertrude A. Schlachter, NY
Rev. Richard E. Senghas, ME
Peter & Margaret O'Brien Steinfels, NY
Margaret M. Sullivan, DC
Joseph J. Tunney, MA
Eugene J. Vader Jr., MN
Eugene Vades, MN
Janet P. Vickrey, NY
Mary J. Wodynski, IL
Monica Serpe Yolles, IL

Patrons

Anonymous, MI
W. Shepherdson Abell, MD
William R. Bailey, VA
Suzanne McSorley & Thomas Baker, NJ
Geraldine Baldwin, NY
Richard J. Barber, M.D., MD
Loring W. Batten III, NY
Vivian Segall & Paul Baumann, CT
Charles A. Bentel, NY
Joseph P. Bevak, NY
Vivienne Blanquie, CA
Jeffrey J. Bowe III, MA
M. Joseph Bowler, M.D., MI
William D. Broderick, VA
Marie Caffrey, WI
Edward J. Carville, CA
Alfred Cavanaugh, CA
Rev. James Challancin, IN
Joan Challinor, DC
Joseph & Rosalie Cieply, IL
Rev. John A. Coleman, S.J., CA
Rev. Daniel J. Collins, Tokyo
John M. Corcoran, MA
In memory of Thomas F. Coughlin & Family
Rev. Andrew W. Cryans, NH
Miriam & Tom Curnin, NY
Most Rev. Thomas Curry, CA
John & Marguerite D'Amico, NJ
Edward M. Davin, VA
Rev. Walter Debold, NJ
James L. Deegan, DC
Samuel E. Demerit, MA
Ellen DeNatale, MA
Bernard J. Dobbins, CA
Clarence C. Donovan, CA
William C. & Linda Dowling, NJ
Rev. Robert F. Drinan, S.J., DC
Barbara A. Durbin, AZ
Jean B. Elshtain, TN
Thomas Ewens, RI
Gail Lambers & Peter J. Fagan, MD
Thomas L. Farrelly, NY
Rev. Robert Fenzl, WI
Arthur W. Fleming, M.D., PA
Jacqueline Fontinell, NY
Thomas C. Franco, NY
Mrs. R. E. Frane, MO
Peter J. & Dorothea Gilligan, MN
Charles & Bonnie Glatz, IA
Aaron W. Godfrey, NY
Mrs. Margaret S. Goheen, NJ
In memory of James G. Good, NY
Rev. Louis E. Grandpre, MI
George W. Grayson, VA
Rev. Thomas I. Healy, IL
J. Bryan Hehir, MA
Harry H. Hinkle, NY
Thomas A. Hopkins, PA
Walter Hranilovich, OH
W. James Huelskamp, WI
Rev. John Jay Hughes, MO
Archbishop Francis T. Hurley, AK
Ursula & Robert Jaeger, PA
Elizabeth Johns, MA
Rev. Thomas Kaveney, IL
Alice M. Kearney, NY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frank & Joan Keenan, DC
Dorothy N. Kelly, FL
Edward F. Kennedy, C.SS.R., BC
Eileen Kennedy, Ph.D., NJ
Rev. Eugene M. Kilbride, CT
Marie Labatte, ON
Michael J. & Kathleen Lacey, VA
Neal & Anne Laurance, MI
John V. Lawler, VA
Rachelle Linner, MA
Paul A. Lockrey, NJ
Betty L. Lovett, KS
Most Rev. Raymond A. Lucker, MN
Frank J. & Mary Macchiarola, NY
Rev. Thomas F. Maher, IL
John J. Mahoney, CA
Rev. Edward A. Malloy, C.S.C., IN
Kathleen Manion, MA
Edward Marciniak, IL
Philip T., M.D., & Margaret Mulvaney Cortese, NY
Angela M. Mathews, NY
Gilbert & Jacquelyn McArdle, PA
Frank J. McCabe, FL
William H. McCaslin, NY
Robert & Mildred McCoy, OH
Peter McDonough, AZ
Owen & Pat McGowan, MA
Rev. Msgr. Frederick R. McManus, MA
The Minneapolis Foundation, MN
Mrs. Madge Misner, WI
In memory of Thomas Eugene Moore
Mrs. John (Anne) Morris, NC
Rev. William B. Neenan, S.J., MA
Lavonne & David Neff, IL
Agnes E. Nixon, NY
Kevin T. O'Brien, NJ
Timothy O'Meara, IN
Rev. Martin J. Osborne, NY
John R. Page, VA
Fernande Pruden, MI
Helen M. Ranney, M.D., CA
Rev. Matthew R.D. Regan, CA
Michael J. Reilly, M.D., VA
Helen Reynolds, VA
John M. & Marie Roberts, CA
Robert J. Rosiello, CT
Bruce & Cynthia Russett, CT
Rev. Paul J. Savage, PA
Raphael P. Schlingerman, MN
Robert A. Senser, VA
Timothy F. Sheehan, MA
Mary A. Stanton, MA
Greg & Mary Stephen, IL
In memory of Francis & Theresa Greene Straulman, MO
Winnifred & Barry Sullivan, VA
Jim & Kitty Tierney, MO
Dr. Mary Segers & Dr. Jerome Travers, NJ
Rev. Louis J. Trivison, OH
Arthur & Sheila Tybor, TX
Most Rev. Rene A. Valero, NY
Rev. Thomas Ventura, IL
Margaret O'Gara & Michael Vertin, ON
Catherine F. Voss, NY
Joan Dunn Walsh, NY
Leo J. Walsh, PA
Claire Cunningham & Philip Ward, VA
Ellen Warwick, MA
Larry & Sue Washburn, VT
Bruce Weber, OR
Robert J. Weiler, NM
Rev. George E. Wuellner, IL

Charter

Anonymous, CT
Anonymous, VT
Anonymous, VT
A. R. Adamich, IL
Joseph & Aurelie Agresta, CT
Russ & Pat Alberding, IL
John Altmiller, VA
Richard Armstrong, NJ
Desmond Arthurs, CA
Pierre & Jill Auger, MA
Marie Barry, DC
Margaret Barss, OR
Rev. Msgr. Howard B. Basler, NY
John P. Beal, DC
Vincent J. Beckman, OH
Dr. & Mrs. Richard P. Bendel, MN
Mary Ann C. Bentz, PA
Michael W. Blastic, NY
Rev. Edmond Bliven, OR
Larry John Bongort, CA
Vincent & Magda Boylan, VA
Rev. John P. Boyle, IA
Mr. & Mrs. John W. Brennan, NJ
John J. Bresnan, NY
Elizabeth T. Brevett, NY
Tom Brieske, GA
James A. & Anne Broderick, DC
William R. Broderick, NJ
Bridget Brown, IL
William A. Brown, TX
Dennis E. Buetow, IL
Mary N. Burke, NM
Francis P. & Dolores Burns, PA
Rev. David B. Burrell, C.S.C, IN
Amity Pierce Buxton, Ph.D., CA
In memory of John Peter Byrne, IL
Marie T. Byrne, NY
David Gonzalez & Elena Cabral, FL
Jack B. & Patricia Caldwell, CA
John & Dorothy Callahan, MN
Mark Callahan, NY
Maureen O. Carleton, WA
Brian Carroll, MI
In memory of Roy Carter, MA
Gordon Cavanaugh, DC
Donald E. Chambers, KS
Kevin J. Christiano, IN
Anthony Ciccariello, NY
Donald K. Cody, CT
Vincent & Mary Collison, CO
Charles L. Conlon, TX
Mrs. William H. (Dolores R.) Connolly, NJ
Leo Connor, FL
William E. Cormier, IL
Patricia C. Crean, NY
Most Rev. Joseph R. Crowley, IN
Peter Dalton, NY
S. E. Darden, IN
James & Evelyn Dette, NJ
Janet Dickey, IA
A. W. Dickinson, MA
Cassie Dillon, NC
Dr. Dorothy R. Dillon, DC
Mrs. Frank S. Dinger, NY
Thomas V. & Patricia DiSilvio, VT
William B. Dixon, Esq., PA
Bernard Doering, IN
Daria L. Donnelly, MA
Mrs. John F. (Katherine) Donnelly, MI
Megan Donnelly, NH
Frank Donovan, NY
William Duane, NJ
Rev. John P. Duffell, NY
Stephen J. Duffy, LA
James Eblen, WA
Rev. Msgr. John J. Egan, IL
Mary Lee & Marshall Ellet, OK
Shirley Esenther, IL
Doris & Thomas Falin, PA
Anne Farber, NY
Theodora Cogley Farrell, CA
Vincent Fausone Jr., CA
Patrick V. Felker, WI
William B. & Iris Fenton, MD
Diane Filbin, IL
James Finn, NY
Rev. Thomas J. Fitzgerald, IL
Dennis FitzSimons, NJ
Rev. William J. Flaherty, IL
Dan Flannery, PA
John J. Fontana, IL
Eugene Fontinell, NY
Mario J. & Dorothy M. Forte, NJ
John L. Frank, VA
Robert K. Freeland, NY
Mary Jo Frere, MD
J. Ormond Frost, M.D., NY
Mrs. Frank R. Gardner, PA
Laura S. Gellott, WI
Most Rev. Peter L. Gerety, NJ
Paul F. Gerosky, PA
Barry Gill, CA
Rev. Niles J. Gillen, O.Carm., KY
Peter A. Gilmour, IL
Ann Glancey, NJ
Dr. & Mrs. Rudolf Goetz, MI
Joan Marlow Golan, NY
Elizabeth & Edward Gonnella, CA
Evelyn M. Gorman, NY
Robert J. & Beatrice Gormley, NY
Most Rev. Joseph Gossman, NC
Thomas V. Graves, MD
Toni & Frank Gross, MI
Michael & Katherine Gruber, MI
Doris Grumbach, ME
Jerome Halloran, MN
Mary M. Hanson, MT
Robert S. Hathaway, PA
Rev. Robert L. Hazel, MN
Mr. & Mrs. Joseph A. Heaney, NY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marie Christine Hellin, NY
Rev. Msgr. Joseph P. Herron, NJ
Thomas & Mary Heyman, NJ
Micaela F. Hickey, NY
Rev. Msgr. George G. Higgins, DC
Thomas J. Higgins, CA
Richard V. Holmes, PA
Timothy C. & Diane L. Horrigan, IA
Carol A. Hubert, MS
Kenneth L. Hull, MI
Daniel B. Hurley, DE
Dr. John J. Hurley, IL
Benedict J. Hussmann, IL
Joseph Hynes, OR
Stanley J. Idzerda, MN
Mr. & Mrs. Francis P. Jackman, MD
Mr. Kris Jarantoski, IL
Mrs. Robert D. Jay, NY
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Jonas, MN
Sandra Poysa & Jim Jordan, CA
Patricia M. Joyce, NY
John & Elaine Kamerick, FL
Dorothy Keenan, WI
Kevin P. Kelly, VA
Rev. William G. Kenneally, IL
Rev. Msgr. Philip J. Kenney, NH
Edward J. Kiernan, NY
Robert & Donna Kiersz, NY
Rev. Nicholad King, FL
Ann Klocke, IL
Rev. Thomas E. Kramer, ND
Robert V. Kristan, NY
Rev. Robert J. Kruse, C.S.C., MA
Dr. & Mrs. Matthew F. Kuluz, MS
James W. LaFave, M.D., MN
Edward P. Lafferty, MA
George A. Lane, S.J., IL
James E. Lawrence, VA
Roch Le Page, CT
Norman & Josephine Lee, NJ
Dr. Arthur Lennon, NY
Rev. Thomas P. Leonard, NY
Francis R. Lewis, NJ
Rose Mary Lewis, NY
David A. Lightner, NV
Rev. James N. Loughran, S.J., NJ
George J. Lutz, CT
Dr. Robert Mack, MI
Denis G. Mahoney, NY
Stephen & Winifred Mallard, NJ
Rev. John Manahan, S.M., TX
Francis J. Marshall, IN
Kathleen Martin, IL
Paul L. & Rosemary F. Mathews, MO
Dr. Mario D. Mazzarella, VA
Dr. & Mrs. Daniel J. McCarty, WI
Rev. Brian McCormick, NJ
Jim McCrea, CA
Rev. David M. McDonald, CT
Rev. Paul F. McDonald, TX
Myles T. McDonald, PA
Rev. Jude McGeough, RI
Rev. Eugene F. McGovern, NY
Thomas J. McGovern, WI
David K. McGuire, PA
Rev. Francis X. Meehan, PA
Alice T. Meyer, MN
John Russiano Miles, CA
Rev. Paul E. Miller, PA
Roderic J. Moers, CA
Francis & Mary Molson, MI
Edwin & Mary Mongan, DE
Philip & Marion Moore, IL
Charles R. Morris, NY
Margaret Mullin, MA
Kathleen & John Murnion, NY
Rev. Msgr. Philip J. Murnion, NY
Rev. Msgr. John F. Murphy, KY
Daniel R. Murray, IL
Marie F. Murray, FL
Charles R. Nelson, NY
Mary K. Nenno, DC
Frank Nigra, NY
Jon Nilson, IL
Thomas J. Noone, MI
Rev. David J. Norris, CA
Ray & Mary O'Connell, NY
Msgr. John Philip O'Connor, NJ
Sean O'Connor, CT
Rev. Thomas P. O'Connor, IN
James O'Gara, MD
Joseph E. O'Gara, FL
Rev. James P. O'Hagan, MI
Rev. Joseph A. O'Hare, S.J., NY
Mr. & Mrs. James O'Hayer, CT
Wilfred & Ellie Owen, VA
Anita M. Pampusch, MN
Julie J. Pearce, CA
Lawrence J. Pirtle, TX
Thomas J. Posatko, DE
Noreen Poulson, CT
Donald E. & Eleanor Price, NC
John T. Radelet, PA
Rev. Raymond M. Rafferty, NY
Brian Abel Ragen, MO
Maurice Rdesinski, PA
Rev. T. J. Reardon, WI
Rev. Reginald A. Redlon, O.F.M., NY
Harry Reed, TX
David K. Reeves, NJ
Herbert S. Riband Jr., PA
Marie Wolf Riley, PA
Daniel T. Roach, NY
Edward F. Rogers, NJ
Robert J. Rokusek, DC
Marie Ruff, IL
Aileen Ryan, MI
Anne Ryan, NY
Gerald M. Sande, MN
Stephen A. Scherr, NE
Mary H. Scheuer, MI
A. F. Schmelzle, MN
Frank R. & Theresa Schmid, IL
Paul Schweitzer, NY
James & Ruth Shannon, MN
James A. Shea, NY
Warren Shufeldt, IL
Most Rev. Richard Sklba, WI
Bill & Joan Sommers, MA
Rev. Msgr. James F. Spengler, NY
Elizabeth H. Steltenpohl, NY
Annette Stoddard-Freeman, WI
James Strauss, MN
James T. Sugrue, NY
John J. & Alys Sullivan, AZ
Rev. John J. Sullivan, OH
Ann M. Swanson, MA
Charles A. Tobin, MD
Robert E. Tobin, NY
James Turner, IN
Rev. Anthony J. Vader, IL
Violet Vahlkamp, MO
Jo Goeke Vallo, IL
John P. Verel, CT
Lillian Doris Viacava, NY
Patrick J. Waide Jr., NY
Mary Elizabeth (Betty) Wald, NY
Dr. & Mrs. Charles Wasilewski Jr., PA
Rev. John E. Watterson, RI
Charles & Carolyn Watts, IN
Col. B. A. Waxstein Jr. (Ret.), CA
Rev. Charles P. Weber, NH
Rev. Edward Wetterer, NY
Robert E. & Maryanne White, VA
Mrs. Mary E. Williams, PA
Ruth & Joe Wimsatt, KY
James Wolcott, NY
James R. Worsley Jr., MD
Thomas L. Wright, M.D., OH

Sustaining

Anonymous, MA
Anonymous, MN
Anonymous, NH
Anonymous, PA
R. G. Abernethy, DC
Mary Barbara Agnew C.PP.S., PA
John F. & Barbara H. Ahearne, NC
Francis Ahern, CA
John & Lois Ahlhauser, IN
Anthony & Julia Albrecht, MD
John A. Alexander, MA
Mr. & Mrs. James M. Allaire, IA
Dorothy Allen, MI
Mr. James M. Allen, MO
Lee Alperin, NY
Salvatore Anastasio, NY
Anthony Andreassi, DC
Howard W. & Mary T. Andrews, NJ
Rev. Msgr. William Argy, NY
Doris R. Asmundsson, NY
Ray Baalman, WA
Harry Babcock, OH
Ronald Backes, CA
Rev. R. James Balint, TX
R. Barreto, IL
Edward Barry, NJ
Bernice Barta, IL
Elizabeth Bartelme, NY
Katherine S. Batts, CA
Paul N. Bauer, OH
Carol Baumann, IL
James W. & Heidi Baumann, IL
Donald & Shirley Bedard, MI
William F. Bell, MA
Robert N. Bellah, CA
Aldo Victor Bellotti, OR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zoe Lanteime Belth, NY
Ralph G. Bliquez, OR
Rev. John A. Boehning, NY
Lawrence & Joyce Bohan, MD
M. B. Boland, OH
Rev. Bernard R. Bonnot, CA
Bernice Ann Born, PA
Hallie DeChant & Thomas Bowne, OH
Rev. Thomas Boyle, IN
Thomas Boyle, NJ
Rev. Joseph Bragotti, OH
John E. & Rochelle Brandl, MN
Stephen J. Breen, CT
Thomas Brennan, NJ
Mrs. Frederick Breydert, Paris
Mrs. Helen Brinich, OH
Rev. David E. Brinkmoeller, OH
Mr. & Mrs. Glenn J. Brown, MI
Mary A. Bruemmer, MO
Rev. Joseph Bruetsch, IN
William A. Bultas, MO
Joan Burke, CA
C. Stanley Burke, NY
Ronald Burke, NE
Carol G. Burns, MA
Rev. Joseph Burns, IL
Robert Burns, NY
Most Rev. Charles A. Buswell, CO
Rev. Richard Butler, MA
Ann Buttrick, NY
Rev. Msgr. Harry J. Byrne, NY
Mr. & Mrs. Richard Byrne, IL
Catherine Cahill, NY
Owen & Mary Jane Cahill, NY
Rosemary Cahill, IL
Bill & Laura Caldwell, OH
John Calhoun, NY
California Province of the Society of Jesus, CA
John F. Callaghan, MI
Michael J. Callaghan, C.M., NY
Thomas Callahan, CA
Edward T. Callan, MI
John P. & Margaret G. Callanan, CA
L. A. Cambey, NY
Ligeia Cannon, NE
Mr. & Mrs. Gregory Carnevale, MI
Mary J. Carr, NY
Theo A. Carrell, CA
Ruth Carroll, PA
Thomas Carroll, NY
Thomas F. X. Casey, NY
Stephen & Ellen M. Casey, PA
Edward B. Cassidy, NY
David Cawley, NH
Rev. Paul F. Chateau, MI
Francis L. Chisholm, MA
Julia J. Christo, MA
Rev. Thomas E. Cima, IL
Dr. Duncan W. & Ida O'Grady Clark, NY
Robert V. Cleary Jr., MI
Lawrence M. Clemens, MN
Peter & Ann Clifton, NY
Frank Coady, KS
Clarke Cochran, TX
Martin & Mary Codd, NC
Pat Coffey, WI
David P. Cogan, OH
Loretta F. Coghlan, MI
Michael Cogswell, NY
Robert J. Colacicco, FL
Rev. Msgr. John T. Collins, CT
Vincent P. & Joan Comiskey, NJ
Helen Connell, NY
James W. Connell, NY
Quinn R. Conners, O. Carm., DC
Estelle Connolly, WA
James & Nancy Connolly, MD
Mary Connolly, MA
Rev. Albert J. Connors, C.M.F, CA
Christopher Conroy, NJ
Robert M. Cooper, OR
Charles J. & Anne Costello, VA
Donald & Christine Costello, IN
John Coulson, DE
Frank M. Covey Jr., IL
A. Paul Cravedi, MA
Maria Creel, TX
Alicia Jorge Cremaschi, NC
Joseph B. Crimmins, CT
Mrs. K. W. Cronin, FL
Margaret M. Cross, MD
John & Constance Cullinane, MA
Joseph R. Curtis, WA
Edward Dailey, MA
Rev. John DeCaprio, NY
Rev. Msgr. William E. Delaney, WY
David L. Derus, CA
Mrs. Margaret Desiderio, NJ
Rev. Godfrey Diekmann, O.S.B., MN
Tom & Kristi Dinell, HI
Anthony DiStefano, VA
Philip Di Tommaso, NY
James & Kathleen Doig, GA
Jay & Pat Dolan, IN
John Donahue, MD
Robert J. Donovan, PA
Joel Dorn, MN
Arthur T. Downey, MD
Michael Downey, CA
John M. Drain, OH
Richard & Brenda Driscoll, TX
Tom & Fern Dundon, VA
Donald F. Dunn, CO
James A. Dwyer Sr., PA
Jane Eberwein, MI
Mr. & Mrs. H. A. Eckstein, OH
M. S. Edmonds, WI
Rev. Harvey F. Egan, MN
James J. Egan, NY
Neal M. & Martha Einson, NY
Robert P. Ellis, IL
John & Rosemary Elson, NY
Colonel Robert J. & Judy Ennis, CO
Rev. Edward J. Enright, O.S.A., PA
Mr. and Mrs. J.M. Ermiger, MI
Mrs. Wallace Erwin, MA
Michael A. Evans, CA
Rita D. Evans, NY
Elizabeth Fagan, IL
Rev. John Fahey, CA
Ruth Fallon, MA
Virginia Faulkner, CA
Rev. Donald J. Fenske, IL
John J. Fenton, CT
In memory of Barbara E. Ferkiss, MD
J. A. Ferrante, NJ
Eilen Finnegan, PA
Katherine Fitzgerald, MA
Kathleen Fitzgerald, CA
John Fitzpatrick, NY
Peter A. Fitzpatrick, C.F.X., IL
Henry D. Flasch, MN
Mary Ann Fleming, KS
William Flounders, PA
Rev. Msgr. James B. Flynn, CA
John F. Foley, MI
Louis Ford, MD
Ruth Ford, NY
Peter D. Fordi, CA
Steven Forstein, CT
Mrs. C. H. (Margaret) Foster, NY
Geraldine Fowle, MO
Franciscan Friars, MD
Joan B. Fredericks, NY
Dr. & Mrs. James H. Freel, AZ
Mary Clare Freeman, WI
Rev. Hugh Fullmer, IL
Gloria C. Gannon, MI
Dr. & Mrs. Efrain Garcia, TX
Jean Gartlan, MD
Joseph R. George Jr., RI
Dr. & Mrs. Edward Gerety, NM
Most Rev. Joseph J. Gerry, O.S.B, ME
Madeline Giguere, ME
Claire M. Gillespie, NY
Robert Gilliam, NY
Owen Gillick, CA
Maureen & John Gleason, IN
Ella Mae Gogel, IA
In memory of Margaret Golatz, PA
James B. Gordon, PA
Thomas Goss, MA
Dolores Gracian, FL
Dr. & Mrs. Gerald W. Grawey, IL
Rev. Andrew Greeley, IL
Mary E. Green, AZ
Peter B. Green, NY
Richard Griffin, QC
Susan Keane & Richard B. Griffin, MA
Ward Griffin Jr., MI
William E. Griffin Jr., CT
Joseph E. Grimm, MO
William B. Grogan, NJ
Robert D. Grosch, MT
Edda H. Hackl, IL
Rosanne Haggerty, NY
Dr. William T. Haley Jr., MA
Henry J. & Jane Halko, MA
William & Eileen Hallissey, NJ
Rev. J. F. Hanley, SC
John C. Hanley, FL
Mary A. Hapenney, MA
J. J. Harrington, KY
Rev. Msgr. John Harrington, MA
James L. Harrison, GA
Andrew Hartery, MA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Richard A. Hartman, MD
Helen Harvey, NY
Sheila Hawkes, NJ
Rev. John Hayes, IL
Anne G. Heck, OH
Edward H. Hegarty, IL
Mrs. Charles Heideman, IL
Jacques F. Heilingoetter, IL
Clarence G. Heininger Jr., NY
Joseph Heininger, MI
James & Lynn Heitsch, IL
Joan Henderson, NJ
Mr. & Mrs. James E. Hennessy, NY
James G. Herrmann, IL
Norma B. Herz, NY
George & Sally Hezel, NY
Andrew J. & Margaret Hickey, NJ
John J. Hickey, MA
Christine Hildner, FL
Rev. Robert Hilkert, OH
Stephen J. Hill, ON
Dr. M. J. Hillenbrand, GA
Jim Hinchen, IL
John W. Hinkley, MA
Franziska Hinzmann, NY
Jack & Marilu Hitchcock, CA
Beth Hofstetter, NY
Rev. Edward P. Hogan, NY
Patience (Mrs. G. G.) Hogan, PA
Frank Hohenadel, IL
Clement J. Holgate, NJ
Rosemarie Horvath, NY
John B. A. Hostage, NH
William & Mary Alice Houghton, WI
Joseph J. Houska Jr., CA
Rev. Paul J. Hritz, OH
Robert E. Hunt, MD
Robert Huntington, WI
Margaret D. Hutaff, MA
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Iannotti, CT
Dr. Julian J. Irias, CA
Mary Ellen Ivers, NY
Mr. & Mrs. Richard Jambor, VA
Dorothy A. Jankowski, OH
Frank J. Jankowski, WA
Mary L. Jarvis, MA
Frank Jennings, NY
James R. Jennings, CA
Mary E. Jennings, IL
Neil Jensen, MD
Mr. & Mrs. Chester A. Johnson, ME
Bernard J. Johnston, NY
Elizabeth Johnston, NY
Thomas F. Jordan, CA
Charles Jorgenson, IL
John A. Jubala, PA
James E. Kalasky, MI
Joseph & Annette Kane, VA
Mary Kane, OH
Robert & Claudette Kane, TX
Rev. Philip Kaufman, O.S.B., MN
John Kearns, NY
Mrs. Donald (Kate H.) Keefe, CT
Rev. Ralph Kelley, CT
Jim Kelly, NY
John S. Kelly, Ph.D., NV
Anne & Wendell Kestle, AL
Rev. Ronald M. Ketteler, KY
Thomas & Jean Kilbridge, CA
Alice Kilcoin, NY
Mr. & Mrs. John Killeen, CA
Donald J. King, ME
In memory of Lawrence T. King, CA
In memory of Lawrence T. King, CA
Mary Ann Kirkham, WA
Joseph T. Kivlin, WI
J. L. Klein, S.J., OH
Joseph G. Kneuer, NJ
James E. Koller, NY
Edward Konopka, FL
Stanley P. Kopacz, PA
Donald H. & Marie Kotz, WI
Mary Ellen Krauss, MI
James P. Kurtz, ON
Henry M. Kusher, IL
Mr. & Mrs. John D. LaBelle, CT
Mrs. Marcella L. Lain, IL
Rev. Maurice Lampron, NH
Mary Irene Lanigan, MA
The Rev. Michael J. Lanning, OH
Louis & Yvonne Lanzerotti, NJ
Clifford Laube, CT
Nancy Lewis & David Laurance, NJ
Therese Law, FL
Dolores R. Leckey, VA
James G. Leddy, CA
Tom Lenert, CA
Raymond & Cherla Leonardini, CA
Amy Lepak, MA
Norma T. Lewis, FL
Tom Linder, WI
Rev. J. J. Linehan, OR
William & Mary Logan, MI
Mira Lee Loran, IL
Ken Lovasik, PA
Tim Lozier, FL
Rita Ludlum, NJ
Joseph J. & Mary K. Lund, MN
John A. Lynch, MA
William H. Lyons, M.D., WI
Beatrice A. Mackenzie, CT
Paul Magnano, WA
Cornelia E. Mahon, NY
Bill & Alice Mahoney, AZ
Jeanne M. Mahoney, VA
Tom Maloney, UT
John D. Maloney, CA
Joseph Manson, PA
Eileen Eyre Manuel, OH
James Marran, IL
Josephine Marshall, CA
Peter A. Martin, WI
Helen T. Matthews, NY
Kevin Matthews, MN
Janet Mayer, NY
Rev. Alan P. Maynard, RI
Rev. George C. Maynard, S.J., KY
Beatrice McCarthy-Fink, NY
John B. McCarthy, VA
Michael L. McCarthy, Ph.D., CA
Neil J. McCarty, WI
George B. McCeney, MD
Dorothee M. McClain, OH
Paul W. & Marie McCloskey, MD
Neil G. McCluskey, FL
James J. McCormick, IL
Patrick J. & Frances R. McCormick, PA
John & Mary Ann McCudden, IL
Andrew J. McDonagh, IL
Tony & Joellen McDonald, MO
Joseph W. McDonnell, NY
Eugene F. McDonough Jr., M.D., MA
Marie T. McDonough, NY
James & Catherine McFadden, CA
Robert McGarty, MA
Rita T. McGinty, TX
James F. McGovern, PA
Rev. John A. McGrath, OH
Mary Jean McGrath, WI
Robert & Ann McGrath, NJ
Paul J. McGuire, WI
John P. McHugh, IL
Rev. Owen J. McHugh, CO
Mary Jane McKenna, NJ
Rita McKenna, MD
Thomas McKenna, NJ
Eoin McKiernan, WI
John M. & Alice T. McLarnon Jr., PA
Joseph G. McLean, PA
Rev. Msgr. Charles J. McManus, NY
June S. McNally, FL
Bill McNamara, MA
Vivien Leonard McNaughton, NY
James F. McNulty Jr., AZ
John J. McVeigh, NJ
Wilson C. McWilliams, NJ
Joseph W. Meagher, NY
Virginia Meagher, CA
Michael R. Meck, CT
D. M. Medley, VA
Lucyanne F. Megan, MD
Mrs. Eleanor Merrick, NJ
Bob & Catherine Meyer, IL
Peter P. Midura, NY
Richard Mihan, M.D., CA
Carroll F. Miles, MA
Mary Miller, OH
Maxwell Miller, ON
Robert T. Milton, PA
Betty Minor, MI
Ed Mirek, CT
Dr. Paul Misner, WI
Rene Miville, MA
Cricket Weston & David Molinaro, NC
Joseph & Constance Mondel, NY
John Montesi, NH
Robert Montgomery, NY
Elizabeth P. Moore, LA
Mary Moore, NY
Thomas S. Moore, M.D., AL
Barbara & Joseph Moran, NC
Tom & Maureen Reilly Moran, NY
William L. Moreland, LA
Eugene Moretta, NY
Rev. Fred L. Moriarty, S.J., MA
Jerome Morrissy, NY
Dr. Francis S. Moseley, NY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Elizabeth J. Mudd, MO
Joseph & Dorothy Mulholland, NY
David Munroe, OH
Robert Murney, MO
Anna M. Murphy, AZ
Dr. Dennis K. Murphy, NY
Rev. William J. Murphy, MI
Rev. Lawrence J. Murtagh, SD
Louise Nesladek, NY
Stephen & Elizabeth Nevin, NY
Thomas M. Newbold, CA
Rev. John P. Nickas, NJ
Doanld Nowicki, OH
Phyllis Nugent, CA
Patricia J. Nussey, NY
D. A. Nuxoll, VA
Paul Oberst, KY
Joan O'Brien, IL
Robert M. O'Brien, VA
William V. O'Brien, DC
Mary Ellen O'Connor, NY
P. A. O'Connor, DC
Roderick B. O'Connor, NC
Margaret Rafferty & Timothy G. O'Connor, NY
Elizabeth O'Donnell, AK
Quentin & Paula Ogren, CA
Rev. Francis C. O'Hare, MA
Frank V. Olivero, MI
Dr. Bernard J. O'Loughlin, CA
Rev. Ted Olson, CA
James C. & Alice O'Shea, NY
John W. & Patricia O'Tierney, PA
James M. O'Toole, MA
Rosemary & Charles Palms, NY
Margaret Pautler, MO
John & Loretta Pavlik, IL
David & Mary Jo Pedersen, NE
Achille R. Pelizzari, NY
Donald A. Perreault, CA
Dr. Gerald Peters, NJ
Joseph & Mary A. Pettit, VA
F. Joseph Pettit, VA
Robert B. Pfisterer, CA
William Phelps, CA
Veronica E. Pheney, FL
G. Edward Philips, NM
Dr. Julia M. Phillips-Quagliata, NY
Brian Pilz, MD
Rev. Michael D. Place, S.T.D., IL
Joseph A. Placek, MI
Suzanne Polen, PA
Marie Ponsot, NY
Carole Pool, OR
W. Philip Portz, M.D., DE
Barbara W. S. Poteat, SC
Rev. Joseph F. Power, O.S.F.S., NY
Antonio Prado, FL
Jorge Prieto, IL
William A. Prince, VA
Rev. Francis Principe, NY
John & Mary Prucha, NY
Tom Quinlan, PA
Maggie Quinn, WI
Rev. Leonard E. Racki, CO
In memory of Lawrence Ragan, IL
Adam & Kay Raley, WA
Charles & Jeanne Ralston, WA
Rev. William P. Regan, NY
Allen J. Reilly, VA
Bernard F. Reilly, PA
James Reilly, CT
Dr. William Reilly Jr., NY
Peter J. Remch, NY
Timothy & Kathleen Reuland, IL
Laurens Reyburn, CA
Sheila T. Reynolds, IL
John F. Rieger, VA
Mrs. John Rieke, NJ
The late & Mrs. Jason Robards, CT
E. F. Roberts, NY
John Robinson, NY
G. M. Roemers, CA
Shirley A. Rogers, TX
Robert D. & Patricia B. Ronsheim, OH
Mary & Richard Rosengarten, IN
Richard Rupp, NC
Nina Rusko-Berger, CT
Margaret & Benjamin Russell, CA
Martha B. Russell, OR
Rev. Gerald Ryan, NY
Jerry Ryan, MA
In memory of Christopher E. Fullman, NJ & Msgr. William Granger Ryan, NJ
Suzanne Ryer, NY
John Sankovitz, MN
Donald Sass, WI
Robert W. Sauter, OH
Michael & Ann Savageau, MI
Brother Nivard Scheel, WI
Daniel L. Schlafly Jr., MD
Ann Marie Schneeman, NY
Robert & Frances Schueler, MD
Robert C. Schultz, MI
Br. Bonaventure Scully, C.F.X., MD
Edmund & Ellen See, CT
Rev. Msgr. John J. Seli, FL
Joseph M. Sendry, DC
Mary D. Sexton, VA
John Shaughnessy, FL
William L. Shilley, CA
Joan C. Silva, NY
Aidan Sinnott, NC
In memory of Edward S. Skillin, NJ
Rev. John P. Smith, IA
Rev. Richard G. Smith, N.Y.
Edmond C. Smith, VA
James L. Smith, PA
Jamie Soto, CA
Marvin J. Southard, CA
Joseph & Patricia Spampinato, PA
Jeffrey Spencer, CA
John Spradley, CO
John Stasny, WV
Maura & Thomas Stavovy, CT
Edward E. Steinkirchner, NY
Michael E. Stevens, WI
Donald L. Stirling, WI
Donna Stone, CA
Anne & Will Storz, CT
Mr. & Mrs. Gregory Stupka, IL
Rev. Raymond F. Sullivan, NY
Robert J. Sullivan, NY
Russell & Katherine Sullivan, PA
Thomas E. Sullivan, NC
Robert A. Super, MN
Raymond J. Supino, NY
Joan M. Sutton, PA
Judith Szot, MO
Mr. & Mrs. James Taaffe Jr., VA
Sylvia Tackowiak, WI
Bill & Marilyn Taylor, MD
Joseph & Mary Termini, NJ
W. O. & Sandra Fava Theiss, TX
Ralph Thibodeau, TX
John M. & Janine A. Thompson, SC
Rev. Thomas A. Thompson, S.M., OH
Michael & Genevieve Timpane, VA
Rev. Dennis Tinder, MD
Michael & Barbara Toohig, VA
Rev. David Toolan, S.J., NY
Thomas A. Tracy, VA
Alfonse F. Trezza, FL
Dr. Raymond J. Trybus, CA
Joseph W. Twombly Jr., MO
Dr. Jerome Ulrich, MN
Mr. & Mrs. Joseph F. Vaughan, MD
Mrs. Kathleen M. Vertin, MN
Thomas & Julia Vitullo-Martin, NY
Richard M. Voripaieff, TX
Kurt Vorndran, DC
Karen & Bill Waffner, NY
Ray Waldron, AA
A. E. P. Wall, IL
Paul A. Wallace, NY
Patricia D. Walsh, MA
Chris & Gretchen Ward, CA
Robert H. Weber, CO
Sara R. Weinstein, NV
Kathleen A. Weizer, OH
Timothy P. Welch, PA
Waldemar H. Wenner, M.D., CA
Thomas Werge, IN
Ann & William Wernz, MN
Tom Westbrook, WA
Harry Wiebler, NC
Winnie & Ed Wikens, MA
Margaret G. Wilkinson, CA
Gerald J. Williams, NJ
Dr. Vallee Willman, MO
Lucille Wilson, MN
Mary T. Winch, OR
Pauline Wohlford, MI
Anne Marie Wolf, MN
Eileen M. Dooley & Denis J. Woods, WV
Marguerite & Mary Beth Wordell, KY
James G. Worl, FL
Chris & Jacqueline Wren, NY
William Zamzow, IL
Franklin Zawacki, CA
Michael Zeik, NY
Eugenia Pawlik Zeitlin, CA
Kathleen Black Ziegler, IL
Silvia B. Zimmermann, DC
John J. & Nell Zingsheim, MN
Mary I. Zotti, IL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARCHERS IN AN ASHEN PARADE

David Loxterkamp

I am watching a procession of cripples lurch toward the altar, and would be among them but for my station in the church choir and, most pressingly, the son who slumbers on my lap. The resonance of his breathing—like a soft lowing—attests to the lateness of the hour and the gravity of our fatigue. So I am grateful for this seat on the sidelines as the choir sings and the march unfolds.

A handsome young man catches my eye. He is gripping two thick wooden poles that punt him forward as his twisted legs trail behind. A tousle-headed child—also with cerebral palsy—is strapped in a specially adapted mobility device that allows her to scoot freely about the aisles. There are fathers cradling babies, old women wobbling on weary joints, young children dodging the outstretched arm of the priest who offers them nothing of interest but a blackened thumb. On this Ash Wednesday we have all come for a sign. Come to be healed. We have come to reinflate the faith that rises on this outrageous claim: Only through death can we know new life.

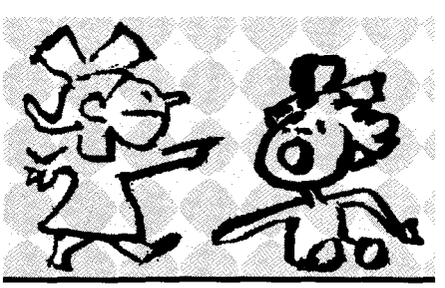
As a small-town family doctor, I know these parishioners inside out. We have sized and accepted each other's failings over my fifteen years in practice. Watching the procession for ashes lift and fall, I spot a friend whose thirty-year-old son died in a fire two months ago. Behind her, a nurse whose house—along with her every earthly possession—burned to the ground last week. How much more terrible and rich is this Ash Wednesday for them?

I think of the laughing, drooling child in the mobility device and compare her to my son, who is the same age. My pity pours out unsolicited to her parents for their admirable yet doleful duty, that of raising a child with little hope for marriage or career or future independence. I see the forty-year-old expectant mother who must be counseled tomorrow in the doctor's office. Her ovum—the tests confirm—is blighted. I notice the troubled parents of the troubled boy who quit his courses—again. Exchange smiles with a woman who is pitting this last round of chemotherapy against the rising tide of tumor inside her. I can account for them all, these marchers in the ashen parade: retirees and widows, the terminally ill and disabled, the lonely, discouraged, and helplessly trapped, and all the rest of us who will not meet our earnings forecast or the fullness of our human potential. Aren't we a fine line of losers?

This Lent I have not given up much, but rather gather in words from Thomas Merton's journal. I ponder his laughable position: hermit, without heirs or portfolio and only solitude to call his own. He has spelled out our common goal:

> Who can free himself from
> achievement
> And from fame, descend and be
> lost
> Amid the masses of men?
> He will flow like the Tao, unseen...
> Such is the perfect man: His boat
> is empty.

There is still too much cargo in my hold, too much selfish pride in the work, sacrifice, and prayer I offer to a quizzical God. All poised to be capsized. "The only response," Merton counsels, "is to go from yourself with all that one is, which is nothing, and pour out that nothingness in gratitude that God is who he is." For what is Ash Wednesday, in the Christian season of Lent, on the eve of the pilgrim's month, if not a reminder of the meaninglessness of a life not lived in the face of death? Pray, dear monk, that the cross of ashes smudged on my forehead today will not rinse as readily from the heart.



The whole cast returns for an encore on the First Sunday in Lent. Back in the choir, I wish my son were asleep instead of waving a dollar bill above his head and whispering in an outside voice, "Is it time to go home NOW?"

Today's Gospel records Jesus' impatience with the scribes and Pharisees, who press him for proof that he is the Messiah. "The only sign that will be given is the sign of the prophet Jonah. For as Jonah was in the belly of the sea monster for three days and three nights, so will the son of man be in the heart of the earth for three days and three nights" [Matt. 12:39–40]. As the priest begins his homily, the curly-haired girl in the space rover heads for the altar servers, then somehow snags the altar bells in her metal frame, pushing them down the side aisle, clanging gleefully all the way. Just as during the consecration, they ring an epiphany that we are all one, each called for Christ's kingdom. Perhaps here is the sign for the present generation of misfits and malcontents we call the church, a people known by their miraculous return each week to praise, in their nothingness, the One who is All.

Praise God for those ringing bells, and for the happily unhindered girl who not only could be my daughter, but in some sense is. Lent, leave us with a sign of Jonah, which is the imperfection that binds us together and leads us beyond loss and lacking to a God who alone can fulfill us. □

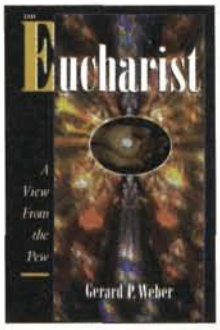
David Loxterkamp *is a physician who lives and practices medicine in Belfast, Maine.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books for personal growth and transformation
New releases • Spring 2001

The Eucharist
A View from the Pew

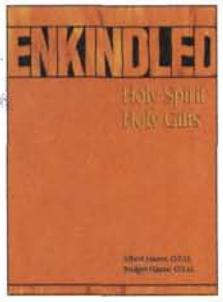
Gerard P. Weber



Would you like to get more out of Mass? This book is aimed at those who go to Mass every Sunday with no special role, except as a member of the congregation. Offering a view from the pew, Father Weber describes the meaning, or various takes on the meaning, of what actually occurs at Mass, taking the reader through the Mass step by step, from Entrance Song to Concluding Rite. Ideal for use in small groups of inquirers or new Catholics or for Catholics who would like a fresh perspective on the Mass. **B4158 $6.95**

Enkindled
Holy Spirit, Holy Gifts

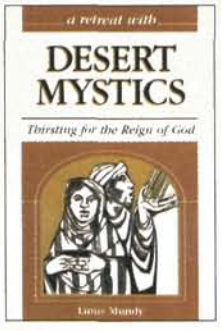
Albert Haase, O.F.M.
Bridget Haase, O.S.U.



This treatment of the "neglected middle child" of the Blessed Trinity is for people who reflect while commuting to work, for those who pray while the baby is sleeping, for those who belong to parish discussion groups and the Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults, for those preparing to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation and for those who celebrate the divine generosity of the Gift-giving Spirit. Small groups or individuals will find valuable the prayers and reflection questions at the end of each chapter. **B4093 $5.95**

A Retreat With Desert Mystics
Thirsting for the Reign of God

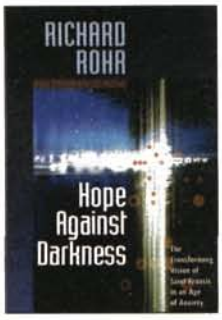
Linus Mundy



Your directors are the mothers and fathers of the desert, whose wisdom has come down to us through the ages. Jesus tells us that to find our lives we must lose them; the Desert Mystics took up this exhortation and lived it out radically. What desert mystics like Antony the Great, Abba Moses and Evagrius can teach us, if we are ready, is to confront our God on a most intimate level—by confronting ourselves fiercely and fully. **B3712 $8.95**

Hope Against Darkness
The Transforming Vision of Saint Francis in an Age of Anxiety

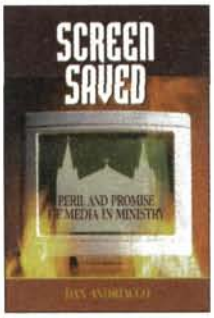
Richard Rohr, O.F.M., with John Bookser Feister



Richard Rohr is a modern prophet calling us to change our ways. He paints a bleak picture of the prevailing thought, culture and attitudes of the present-day West—including our cultural biases, our embrace of victimhood, our often fearful attitudes toward one another and toward the Church and religion in general. Rohr offers hope in introducing the Franciscan path of transformation, the "new way of being that would change the face of history." Rohr describes how following Saint Francis' way to forgiveness and love, and "owning the darkness," can bring us out of the postmodern pit in which we find ourselves. **B4409 $16.95**

Screen Saved
Peril and Promise of Media in Ministry

Dan Andriacco



To minister effectively in a media age, Christians must have an understanding of the culture industries: their content, their methodology and their pervasive influence. The average American spends five to eight hours each day watching TV, listening to the radio and recorded music, and reading magazines and newspapers. How can you compete with a media that constantly saturates our world with non-Christian views and ideals?

In *Screen Saved*, Dan Andriacco defines the dangers of media and provides the tools to make it a powerful ally. Learn how TV, advertising, print and the Internet create and define our culture by embarking on a media "fast." Understand which media can be effective in ministry and which should be left out—and why. Transform your ministry by becoming a medium through which Christ reaches other people. **B4182 $9.95**

Available at your local bookstore or call:

ST. ANTHONY MESSENGER PRESS
AND FRANCISCAN COMMUNICATIONS
1615 Republic Street
Cincinnati, OH 45210-1298
(513) 241-5615
www.AmericanCatholic.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED